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GENERAL SHAN.

THE LATE PRINCE CH'UN.

LI HUNG CHANG.

THREE GREAT MEN OF CHINA.



THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER, LI HUNG CHANG, VICEROY OF CHIH-LI, GOING IN HIS STATE BARGE FROM TIENTSIN TO PAO-TING-FU.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the new theories I am sorry to see one announcing the comparative indifference of animals to pain. It is a statement which, unless a man makes a beast of himself, can never be proved, and in the meantime must needs have a deplorable effect. The treatment which our four-footed friends receive too often at the hand of man (with a stick in it) requires an apology, but not an excuse. This so-called discovery is one of those things which, even if it were true, is better left untold. Curiously enough, coincidently with it we learn—from the proceedings at an inquest at a county lunatic asylum—that the brutalities to which the insane are sometimes subjected are similarly mitigated by nature. The evidence, however, proceeds only from their attendants. In one case we are told that a female lunatic of sixty-nine years of age broke her leg, and for four hours said nothing about it, and it certainly does not appear that much solicitude was shown in the matter by anyone else. These assertions will probably make little difference with persons who already regard with unconcern the miseries of the brute creation and of pauper lunatics, but it will be very serious if they beget indifference to them in the public at large. The cuckoo cry of "Exaggeration" raised against the stories of cruelty to children, till Mr. Waugh proved their truth, was a proof how much people prefer to disbelieve the wrongs done to others than to examine them, and we do not need the half-baked theories of science to turn our supineness into insensibility.

The poet tells us that there are very few of our miseries that kings have power to cure, and it is probable that, if he had been asked the question, he would have said that cock-crowing was not one of them. Her Gracious Majesty of the Netherlands has, however, recently delivered one of our fellow-countrymen from this infliction. No more admirable record of the exercise of royal prerogative exists: she has given sleep to the weary, which the law of England was powerless to accomplish. Is it impossible to draw a lesson from the conduct of this kind young Queen? Is there no authority that can be invoked to put a stop to these unneighbourly nuisances, to which so many of us are subjected? Submission is not so necessary as most victims seem to imagine. A crowing cock or a yelping dog it is within the resources of civilisation to silence. I am quite sure, if I myself were so persecuted, that after my second sleepless night a remedy would be discovered, if an apothecary could be found in England whose poverty would consent to it. A piano next door is a much more serious matter, and demands reprisals on a grander scale; but in the street and in the open air there should surely be some protection for us. What seems really amazing is that organ-grinders and nigger minstrels are found in greatest numbers at our health resorts. The municipalities which make the greatest show of providing for the comfort of their visitors encourage these inharmonious vagabonds. Do they suppose that persons who are in want of rest and quiet are recommended the banjo! Many persons will remember the noiseless street-organ which made such a success in London some years ago. When the man began to turn the handle our faces began to elongate, our fingers sought our ears, our teeth prepared themselves for being set on edge, and all for nothing—not a sound, not a jangle did the instrument emit: there was a divine silence. Our gratitude for this unexpected relief caused us at once to reward that dumb musician. No Mendelssohn was ever so popular, for what are songs without words compared with a hurdy-gurdy with no inside to it! And I believe the same thing would occur if we could but find a silent health resort; for the weary and the nervous it would bear away the bell (without the clapper) from all its rivals.

Advertisements in New Zealand seem to be a little different from those at home, and to have a more personal character: "Fencing Notice.—I hereby call upon John Brown, owner of suburban section No. 50, to keep in good repair the fence between said section and my property. Failing this, I shall proceed to repair the fence at his expense.—Thomas Smith." To this John Brown replies by another "Fencing Notice" in quite a conversational style: "In reply to Thomas Smith, of suburban section No. 51, if I had known that goats were to be kept, I could have easily put two extra wires; but saying my fence wanted repairing is false, and I should like to know how you have kept *your* fence during the past year." This is thrust and parry indeed, what may be called fencing with the buttons off the foils.

"A Mother of Boys" writes me a remonstrance concerning the treatment which that barbarous race are in the habit of receiving in these columns. If I knew her boys, she says, I should know how to appreciate them; and when the introduction has been effected she proposes that I should make the *amende honorable* for my previous heresy by writing a book in praise of boys. She says that I have hurt her feelings by the remark, "No boy knows how much his mother loves him; no mother knows how her boy loves himself"; and that the only reparation that can be made to her is to present her offspring to the public as they really are. She has photographs of them,

which may be used for the purposes of illustration, but they fall very far short of the merits of the originals. Her proposition, as it happens, comes too late; but it is curious that the very thing she suggests has more than once occurred to me, and would, I am sure, in competent hands, make interesting reading. There are, of course, many excellent books which deal with boys in fiction; and there are also actual biographies which narrate what promising young persons certain individuals were who in after life achieved greatness; but in the latter case the prophecy is made after the event, and somehow or other the youth thus eulogised has generally too little of the boy about him to be quite believed in: he does not, like the fool in the Scriptures, fatigue his friends by asking how to get to the city, but knows his way there very early, and at fifteen is quite a capitalist from investing the sixpences that have been given him on his birthdays and other festive occasions; in short, he is not a boy at all, but only an economist in miniature; moreover, he does not become known till he has long passed his boyhood. What I venture to propose is that some sympathetic writer should tell us "what boys have done" when they *were* boys.

This is by no means so small a matter as may be supposed. There are, of course, the musical boys. Handel, who at nine years old "composed a church service for voices and instruments every week," and at fifteen brought out three successful operas; and Mozart, who also at nine had a reception in London "such as the curious give to novelty, the scientific to intelligence, and the great to what administers to stately pleasure"; at ten he "composed a Mass for the dedication of the Church of the Orphans at Vienna, and acted as director in person." These were certainly boys who made some noise in the world. Then there were the calculating boys—who, it is noteworthy, distinguished themselves as juveniles much more than as grown-ups—Zerah Colburn, who astonished the scientific world of London as a child "by raising the number 8 progressively up to the tenth power," and whose mind was a fertile soil for cube roots when his contemporaries were learning addition. One gentleman, by way of a side dish during a feast of figures, asked him how many seconds there were in forty-eight years, and *before the question could be written down* he answered it correctly. George Bidder made even this youth take a back seat, for at twelve years old, when taken to the Stock Exchange, he was asked this little question and answered it in one minute: "If the pendulum of a clock vibrates the distance of nine inches and three-quarters in a second, how many inches will it vibrate in the course of seven years, fourteen days, two hours, one minute, and fifty-six seconds?" Even with pencil and paper I know persons (who shall be nameless) that could not answer this in seven years. Then there was Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, who perished in his pride"; and in quite another line of business Thomas Malkin, who died not "a dotard at seven," but undeniably the greatest scholar of his age. He was an "all-round" genius. He knew more about Greek at four than some people (again I forbear to mention names) at fourteen. At five he made copies of some of Raphael's heads so admirably that connoisseurs prophesied he would be a great artist. His most remarkable feat, however, because it showed imaginative powers of a high order, was his description of a visionary country called Allestone, of which he considered himself king. He wrote its history in a number of tales and letters, and drew maps of it, giving names of his own invention to its mountains, rivers, and seaports. He was probably the most remarkable boy—though, indeed, he was but a child—who ever lived. The most excellent boy from the financial point of view was, however, undoubtedly, William King West Betty, better known as "the young Roscius," who at fifteen years of age retired from the stage, having made something like £30,000 for his family. Here was "something like" a boy—though, in fact, he was not in the least like one—and happy should be the father who has his quiver full of such.

These examples of extraordinary boyhoods are all more or less familiar to us; but there are many more quite as remarkable, but whose doings have been only incidentally recorded. They should be more attractive to us because they have been performed by our sailor-boys, and have patriotism as well as courage to recommend them. When the frigate *La Tribune* was wrecked off Halifax in 1798 eight men were seen clinging to the main and fore tops, but such was the violence of the storm that no one dared to attempt to save them. A boy of thirteen—the young hero, alas! is nameless—put off to them in a small skiff by himself, and actually brought two of them, for whom there was but just room in his little boat, to land in safety. His splendid courage shamed the men on shore, and caused them to make such exertions as saved the rest. Admiral Drake, when a lad, showed even greater courage, because he had imagination to overcome, which probably this fisherboy lacked. At the beginning of his first engagement he was observed to shake and tremble very much, and being rallied upon it, observed with a presence of mind (or at all events, of humour) in which even Nelson was lacking, "My flesh trembles at the anticipation of the many and great dangers into which my resolute and undaunted head will lead me." This was a middy after my own mind. When Hawke left his father for the first

time for shipboard, the latter expressed a hope that he should live to see him a captain. "A captain!" exclaimed the boy; "if I did not think I should come to be an admiral, I would not go to sea at all." At the battle of Camperdown one of these duodecimo heroes was carried down to the cockpit with a wound in his cheek; the surgeon turned to him from a sailor he was attending: "Pray go on with that poor man's dressing, Sir; he has lost a limb, and I have only got a slap in the face." These are some of the things that boys have done, and the race of youthful heroes is not extinct. It was only the other day that a lad of ten perished, in the attempt to save a still smaller boy from drowning; and short as his life had been, he had previously rescued another young life from fire. While even still more recently we have had a sailor-boy—all his officers lost by death—taking command of a mixed crew who little relished an apprentice for a skipper, and navigating a great ship across the Pacific.

An American novelist, I read, "whispers his charming love stories direct into the funnel of the phonograph"; the effect of them upon that sensitive instrument is doubtless considerable, but its cylinders still do their duty, and the stenographer and the typewriter complete the gracious work. One would like to see it, however, or, rather, to hear it, when it first comes out: in dictating to a phonograph an author would probably feel less embarrassment than in employing a human channel to carry his sentiments, and there would probably be a fine crop of what are called on the stage, "asides." In "The Confessions of an Ammanensis" (in the press) will be found some very pretty gleanings, which, as certainly not forming a part of his employer's "copy," he had felt himself justified in extracting: "Where was I? Let me think. I don't want *you* to think. Why the deuce do you hurry me so? Have I said that already? Don't look at me with such expectation. What was it I said last? *Full stop?* Of course I don't mean that—what a fool you are!" I expect there would be many more swear-words addressed to the phonograph, but not so much personal abuse.

Reports to Convocation are not generally reading for the holidays, but certain statistics embodied in that upon the divorce laws in America, laid before the Synod of York, are of the most diverting kind. The grounds for divorce are very various, but the general principle seems to be that the "infliction of mental anguish" is sufficient. This emotion is produced, on the wife's part, by misbehaviour in the husband of the following kinds: "He may refuse to wash himself. He may accuse her sister of cheating. He may get drunk on the day after marriage. When she is herself indisposed, he may take paregoric, thereby harassing her with the idea that he was committing suicide. He may smoke tobacco when she has a sick headache." In one of the decrees the judge announces: "I find that when she was sick and unable to work, he told her the Lord commanded her to work, and was also in the habit of quoting Scriptural remarks about obedience to husbands." This, of course, inflicted "mental anguish." The application of texts to our personal conduct is always provocative of irritation. A less common source of annoyance is the refusal of the husband to cut his toe-nails, "whereby," says the petitioner, "I was severely scratched at night, especially as he was very restless." A less continuous source of dissatisfaction is a husband's disinclination to take his wife out riding, which, affirms our female petitioner, "has been a source of great mental suffering and injury to me?"

Painful as is the contemplation of these wrongs to the fair sex, it is only just to say that the husbands have even more to complain of. One lady is in the habit of pulling her consort out of bed by the whiskers, thereby inflicting upon him much more than "mental anguish." Another positively refuses to sew on his buttons. Witnesses affirm in this case that they have seen him with only one button on his vest. The same complainant states that he is not allowed to go to fires at night. It was probably the frequency of fires not reported in the newspapers to which she objected, and of the existence of which she had grave doubts. In a higher rank of society, it is not fires, but "business engagements at the club" that are similarly distrusted. One lady strikes her husband with a very unusual weapon, her buster, which gives him great mental suffering and anguish. One wonders of what material this instrument was composed. In a case in which the judge decides that the wife "has acted in a most unwifely manner," he reads that she had two brothers who would come to the husband's house and threaten to thrash him if he did not do all that she wanted him to do. This drastic treatment commenced on the second day after marriage. There are still queerer grounds for Transatlantic divorce, which must have given a pleasant hour to the Convocation of York in the reading; but on the whole it is inclined to frown. Things are bad enough, it opines, inasmuch as divorces are to be obtained at all, but that they should be so for the slight reasons that suffice in some parts of the United States is shocking indeed. In England, notwithstanding all the fuss that has been made about the matter, the number of divorces has never exceeded four hundred a year.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Sir William Harcourt is too self-contained a man to claim or excite sympathy, but I have been moved to compassion by the sudden and unexpected plight into which he was thrown by the revolt of the Irish members. He could listen to Mr. Weir with complacency, he could nod affably to Alpheus Cleophas, he could stare fixedly at Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett with an expression of child-like wonder at the attainments of that versatile knight. Sir Ellis might range over the whole field of human inquiry, from Anarchy to the designs of the Boers, from the Liberator frauds to the conduct of the French on the West Coast of Africa, and yet Sir William could remain unruffled. The spectacle of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett in sole possession of the Opposition benches, and proclaiming at the table his undying contempt for persons who made attacks on his personal majesty, did not even move the Chancellor of the Exchequer to mirth. But when the Nationalists went out on the war-path, it was another affair. The calm with which the Government had received the rejection of the Evicted Tenants Bill by the Lords was very unseemly in the eyes of Mr. Healy. He began operations by moving that the salaries of the officers in the other House—the clerks, ushers, and so forth, who had not done him ill—should be abolished. It was high time, he said, with a sly hit at Lord Rosebery, that the House of Commons should show itself to be the “predominant partner” in the Legislature. Mr. Healy enforced this view with that native grace for which he is so justly famous. Sir William Harcourt seemed a little surprised. He had made with Mr. Balfour one of those comfortable arrangements behind the Speaker's chair which do so much to facilitate the dispatch of business. Surely it was rather unreasonable for Mr. Healy to break in upon this atmosphere of peace and unity with rude war-whoops against the Lords just when every well-regulated member wanted to go away for his holidays. Besides, was it not slightly absurd to attack the Peers through the salaries of their subordinates? Even if those emoluments were withdrawn the great issue between Lords and Commons would be in no wise affected. But Mr. Healy persisted, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer looked more surprised when the Radicals trooped into the lobby with the Irish, and came within nine votes of defeating the Government.

This, however, was only preliminary. At the next sitting Sir William was invited to state definitely what line the Government intended to take with regard to the House of Lords. He replied in his most impressive manner that this was the gravest question that could occupy the attention of the Cabinet, and that he was not in a position to give any further information. Further inquiries were met in the same way, and the subject apparently dropped, Sir William, good easy man, no doubt imagining that he had heard the last of it. The House went on steadily with Supply till past midnight, and then, without warning, like Indian warriors springing from an ambush, the Nationalists assailed the Treasury bench once more. This time Mr. Sexton was the leader, with Mr. Dillon in the part of passionate chorus, and even Mr. Justin McCarthy—the gentle Justin—actually proposing that the Chairman do leave the chair. Some of the Welsh members joined in the fray, and the unfortunate Chancellor of the Exchequer was kept on the defensive, parrying awkward questions about the House of Lords till four o'clock in the morning. I thought Sir William bore it pretty well till Sir Wilfrid Lawson, even the faithful Wilfrid who once said that Sir William had nailed the flag of Local Veto to the mast, echoed the Irish demand for a precise declaration of policy about the hereditary veto. Then Sir William's nerve quailed for the first time, and I fancied I heard him mutter, “Et tu, Brute!” under his breath. He did not mind the onslaught of Mr. Sexton, but that stab from the well-beloved Wilfrid struck him to the heart. As for the Irishmen, their language showed how they revelled in the abandonment of restraint. For two years they had said nothing but smooth things about Ministers; and this for men who are bidden by immemorial tradition to be “agin the Government” was something closely resembling suffocation. Mr. Sexton had certainly found his breath and his vocabulary at last. Was it to be endured that the Government should combine with the Tories to vote supplies to the hated Peers against the will of the Irish people? Did the Government suppose that the Irish members would submit to be scorned and spurned by them or anybody else? Here the suffering Sir William meekly suggested that there was a slight mistake. He had not treated the Irish party with scorn, and I must say that at this moment anything less scornful than the Chancellor of the Exchequer's demeanour could not be depicted. But the sons of Erin were not to be appeased.

Mr. Dillon took up the tale, and roundly declared that Ireland would submit no longer to the will of the House of Lords. After that, Mr. Sexton resumed the eruption of reproach. Had not the Government made use of the Irish party to pass measures for Great Britain, while the measures for Ireland were treated by the Peers with insolent contumely? Still Sir William strove patiently to stay the lava-tide of Hibernian anger. Wrapping himself in gloom, he abandoned the hope of a speedy end of the session, if arrangements made in the interests of all parties were to be trampled on like this. Unfortunately, in those pleasant colloquies behind the Speaker's chair he had forgotten to consult the Irish at all. He confessed it with contrition. But still arose the slogan from the Irish and the Radicals—“What are you going to do with the Lords?” I must admit, in justice to Sir William, that he looked as if he wished he knew!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN.

Eight years old, born after his father's death, in May 1886, and by his birth, as a male heir, dethroning his elder sister, who was born in 1880, his Majesty Alfonso XIII. has an excellent mother, the Queen Regent Maria Christina, an Austrian Princess; and we trust that the loyalty and



Photo by Fernando Debas, Madrid.

THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN, ALFONSO XIII.

gallantry of the Spaniards will secure him a long and prosperous reign. His father, King Alfonso XII., was called to reign after the series of revolutionary changes, twenty years ago, which long kept Spain in a very unsettled condition, when Queen Isabella, whose life was a succession of political errors and troubles, had been compelled to leave the country. This branch of the old French House of Bourbon, established in possession of this monarchy by the intrigues of Louis XIV., at the beginning of the eighteenth century, upon the decease of the last Spanish King of the House of Hapsburg, has not been fortunate or glorious; but its own subjects have had less cause to complain, in general, than those who witnessed the misrule of Philip II. and his feeble descendants. It is to be hoped that in the twentieth century Alfonso XIII. will be a very good King.

THREE GREAT MEN OF CHINA.

Our Illustration represents three eminent State servants of the Chinese Empire. They are Chinese, at least, by citizenship, though the two warriors seated, one in the centre, the other to the left, are of Manchu birth. The central figure is the late Prince Ch'un, who was the chief agent, in concert with Li Hung Chang, in promoting the present modernised improvement of the Chinese army and navy. Prince Ch'un, who has now been dead some years, was a “Ch'in Wang,” or prince of the imperial blood. General Shan, on the left hand side of the group, is a prominent “Chiang-chuen,” or Tartar General. He is Commandant of one of the Manchu Banner Corps at Pekin.

To the right is seated one who has been frequently styled, with some justice, the “Bismarck of China”—the

Viceroy of Chihli, Li Hung Chang, Grand Councillor of the Empire and Guardian of the Heir Apparent. Li Hung Chang's name has been prominently before the public of late in connection with the war with Japan. He was recently stripped of the most coveted distinction it is in the power of the Emperor of China to bestow—the Order of the Yellow Riding Jacket, or, as it is called in Chinese, the “Huang ma-kua.” But those acquainted with the tortuous methods of Chinese government know that this reproof was administered rather to spur the great Viceroy to more vigorous efforts than to disgrace him. The three officials are in the ordinary winter dress of Chinese Government servants.

The Viceroy of Chihli, Li Hung Chang, appears in a separate Illustration, making a progress, in the viceregal state barges, from Tientsin, his usual place of residence, to Pao-ting-fu, the capital of the province. The Chinese character on the sail signifies the leader or General.

VIEWS IN COREA.

The commencement of regular diplomatic intercourse, and of legalised commerce, between the kingdom of Corea, which was tributary to China, and the neighbouring insular empire of Japan, is of no older date than 1876, seven years before the treaties which opened Corea to British and other European trade. Fu-san, at the south-eastern extremity of the Korean peninsula, less than two hundred miles from the Japanese seaport of Nagasaki, and within sight of two small islets belonging to Japan, contains a flourishing settlement of more than five thousand Japanese, which is shown in our view of that place. A long way to the north, on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, is the port and town of Gen-san, or Won-san, the residence of about seven hundred Japanese, described by Captain A. E. J. Cavendish in his book, “Korea and the Sacred White Mountain,” recently published by Messrs. G. Philip and Son. The river-port of Ping-yang, whenever it is opened to foreign traffic, is likely to become a place of foreign resort. Of the capital city, Seoul, which is situated on the river Han-kiang, some thirty miles by road from Chemulpo on the west coast, a description has already been given. The Japanese ordinary residents in this city number a thousand. It may easily be imagined that the Japanese and Chinese Ambassadors, for some time past, have been contending for influence over the King.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN CHINA.

The grotesque and fantastic idol, called “the god of war,” of which a representation appears in our pages, must not be supposed to be an object of serious worship in China at the present time. It belongs to an exploded fabulous mythology of very ancient date. The Buddhist religion is the most prevalent, but there is also a State official system of ethical doctrines and precepts, founded on the teachings of Confucius (or Kong-fu-tze) and of Lao-tze, in commemoration of which symbolical rites are yearly performed, without a priesthood, by the Emperor and provincial governors. At any rate, the Chinese military administration is conducted on secular principles; and a portion at least of the army, stationed at Tien-tsin, and called the Lien Ch'un, being now drilled by the European method, and armed with improved breech-loading rifles and with good field artillery, may be considered quite efficient. The remainder, in all perhaps 300,000, mustered under the “Eight Banners” in different provinces of the empire, consist of militia, never properly organised or equipped; and in the opinion of the Hon. G. N. Curzon, whose new book on “Japan, Korea, and China” (published by Longmans) we can recommend to perusal, two-thirds of the military force will be unavailable for the war just begun.

THE KABYLE REBELLION IN MOROCCO.

The young Sultan of Morocco, although his authority has seemed to be acknowledged by the Moors, the ruling race in that country, with greater unanimity than was at first expected, is now compelled to deal with an insurrection of the Kabyles, the turbulent and warlike mountaineers, who have little in common with the townspeople. Though, like the others, Mohammedans, they are under the influence of different religious or sectarian authorities, from that of the Shereef of Wazan, and the local or tribal factions are very powerful. Since the second week of August, it is reported from Tangier, numerous bands of the Kabyles, threatening to overthrow the system of corrupt and oppressive administration carried on in the Sultan's name, have perpetrated many violent acts, killing or driving away the “Khalifas” or official governors, and destroying the forts and castles. The Sultan is about to use his whole army in subduing this rebellion.

THE BIG AND THE IRRESPONSIBLE.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Books multiply; so many streams of literature bubble from fresh fields that the land is noisy with them, and yet, with all this prodigality of output, the language shrinks. Many English words have gone or are going out of use; others of the more precious kind that can be tuned to various meanings are kept in a drone of one; of others the very brains are knocked out by depriving them of their distinctive signification—which is as much as to say of their *raison d'être*. By these different means the language is so impoverished that slang can no longer be considered a luxury. It has become a necessity. A constant importation of that perishable stuff is needed for a working supply of words, and not less to distribute a little freshness through the dwindled and overworn vocabulary in common use. It is like the device of drenching oysters with vinegar, which was invented in old days, they say, to pique up the flatness and staleness of long travel from the coast. To show the number of good words that are dropping

though many things are great or large that are not big, everything must be called big, especially in head-lines, posting-bills, and other calls to attention. We read of big fires, big bridges, big murders, big sculling matches, big marches, big miseries: but why the word is so improperly dealt with, who can tell? Can it be because of some newly revealed fascination in a syllable which is absolutely offensive to eye and ear *except* when it is rightly used and plainly bears its own signification? Or should we adopt the psychologic explanation—which is, perhaps, that “big” is so much in favour because it answers to a swelling desire for emphasis, the craving to bulge upon attention? I fancy that must be the real explanation, and it seems the more likely since he who misuses the word usually does so with the air of one who produces himself in a fine attitude, like that which the American orator is seen in when he announces that he “wants” something or another “here and now.”

But the misuse is deplorable, no matter what personal gratification it may bring to them that abuse the word. “Big” was invented to express a meaning which implies

always with an evident belief that it is a “crusher,” and rarely without being absurd. One vestryman will tell another with a lofty air that his arguments are “the arguments of irresponsible frivolity,” the two men being equally accountable to reason and the parish. Only a few days ago I witnessed the spectacle (in a daily print) of one newspaper correspondent destroying another with the taunt of “irresponsible loquacity.” Perhaps a Minister of State, whose own responsibilities and accountabilities are very evident and very severe, may have a comparative right to dispose of a newspaper assertion as “irresponsible”; and yet I don’t see how the irresponsibility can be made out, or what meaning the answer has unless it be that there is no such thing as responsibility, except in the highest degree, for certain persons, and for certain purposes. It is enough if a statement is wrong; and nobody can say wrong things without responsibility, I suppose—unless, indeed, he happens to be mad. The fact seems to be, however, that Mr. Disraeli’s reproach has become a mere cant-word of controversial retort; but if there be another which is ever employed with such gravity, such hauteur, so



TRANSPORT OF CHOLERA-SUSPECTED RUSSIAN EMIGRANTS ACROSS BERLIN.

into neglect, or even to illustrate our unfortunate losses and abandonments with any degree of fullness, is more than can be done in a few lines. And some of these words may be brought back to service yet, though others are fated to sink into the Bardolphian condition of “whileom,” for example, if not into the repellent strangeness which, to modern ears, mars the beauty of such lines as Chaucer’s about “the nightingale that clepith forth the fresh leves new.” Alas for “clepith”! “Clepith,” in its decay, does the business of one of the most beautiful fancies ever committed to print.

But there is no difficulty in exemplifying the more abominable practice of maiming words and still forcing them into the ranks. To bury a good word alive is bad, but worse it is to make a corpse of it and parade the corpse as something singularly fit for duty. That has been done with the word “big,” to name one. Heaven only knows how the madness came, but seven or eight years ago a passion for this word seized upon the young men of journalism, next upon the elders of the craft, then upon many scribes who write not in columns but in sheets; and among them they have squeezed the life out of it. “Big” is no longer “big,” but little better than the corpse of “big,” set up to do the duty of other words perfectly sound and with an equal pretence to beauty at the least. “Great” is one of them, “large” is another; but

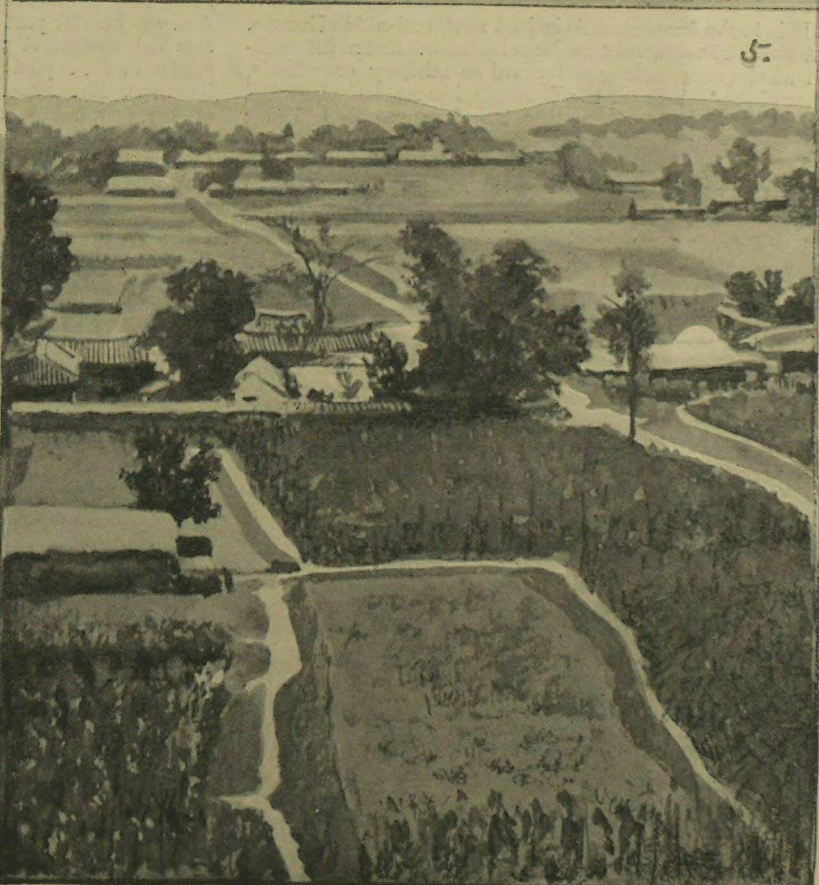
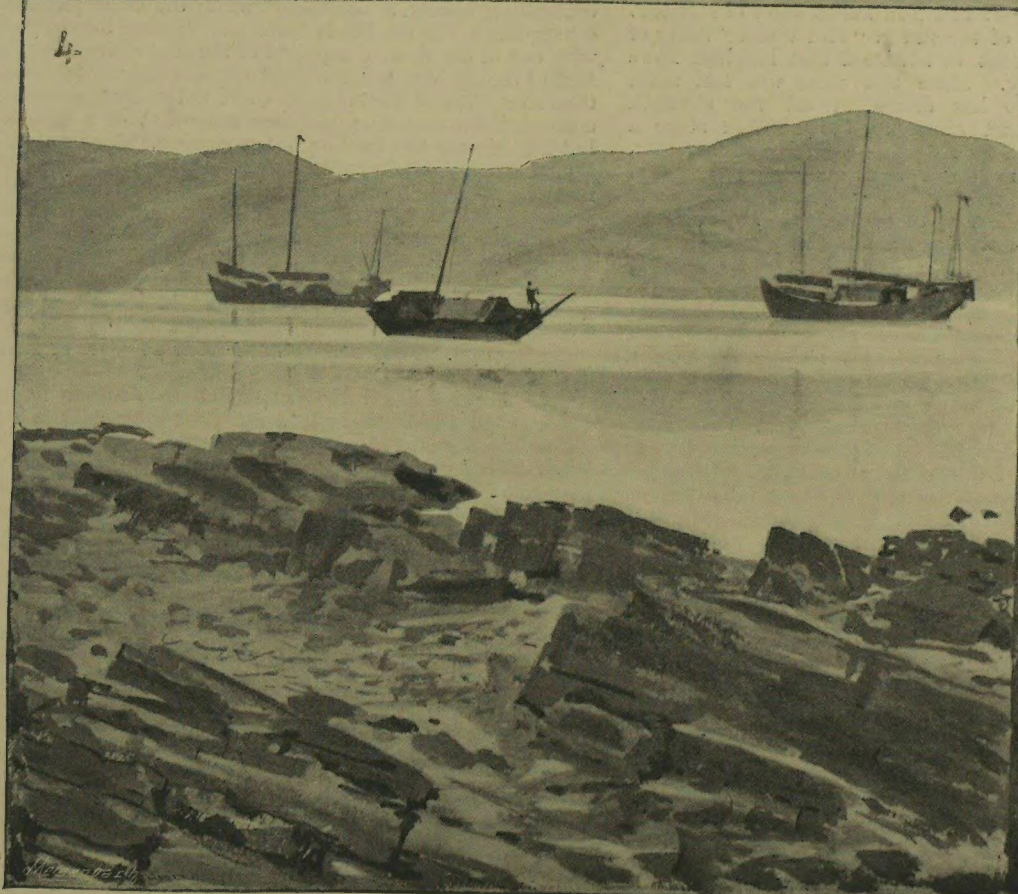
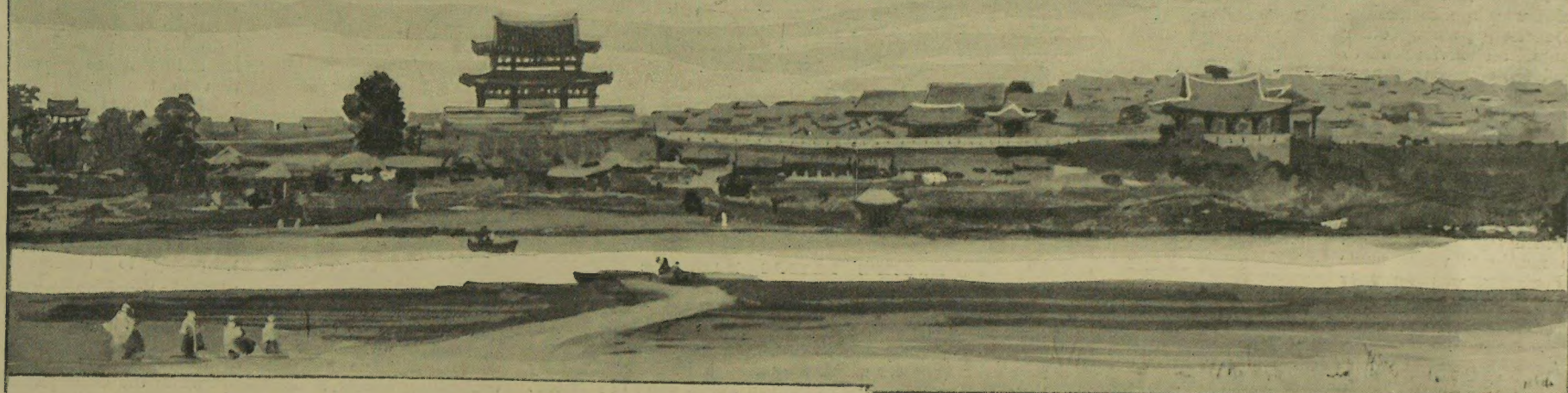
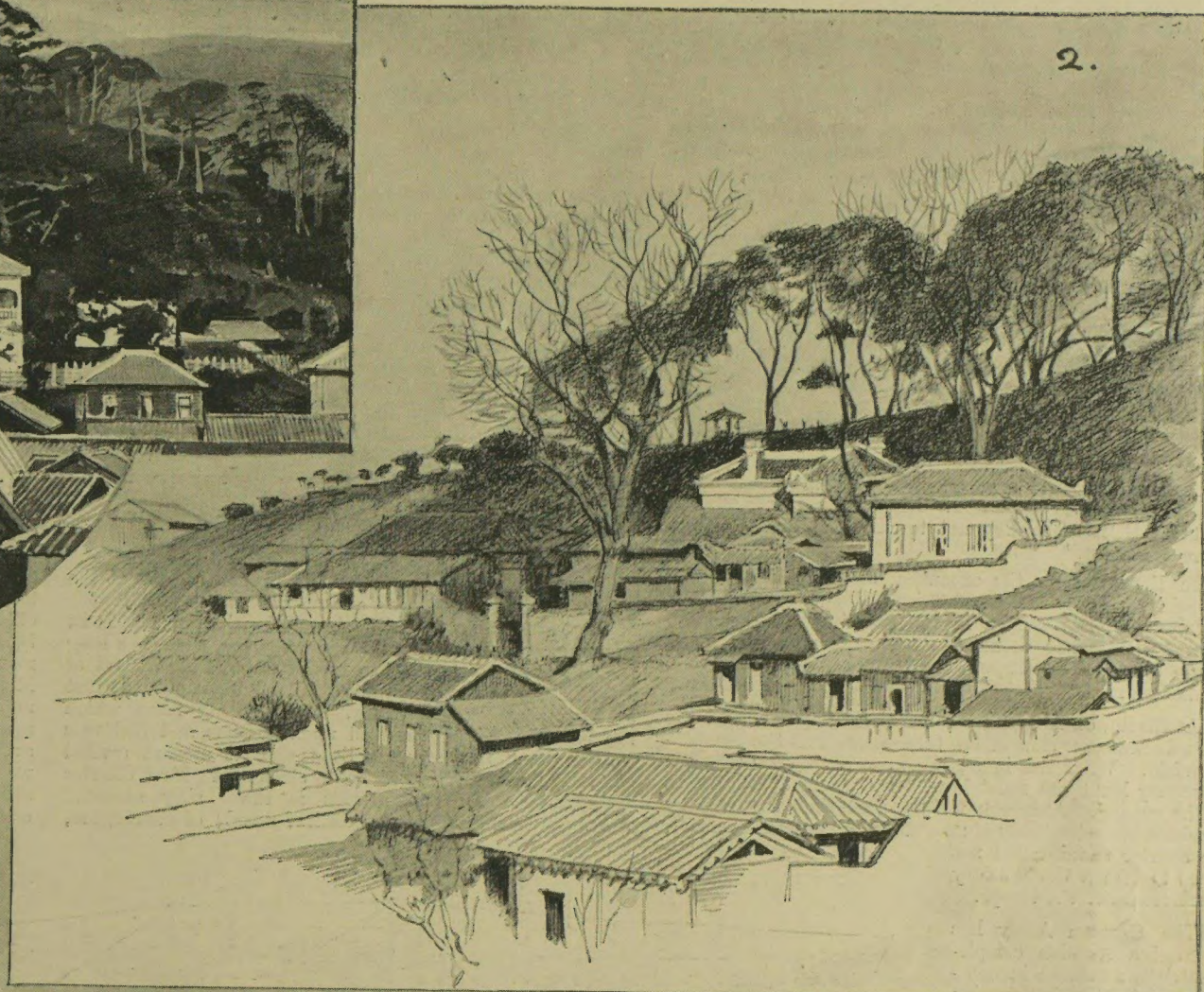
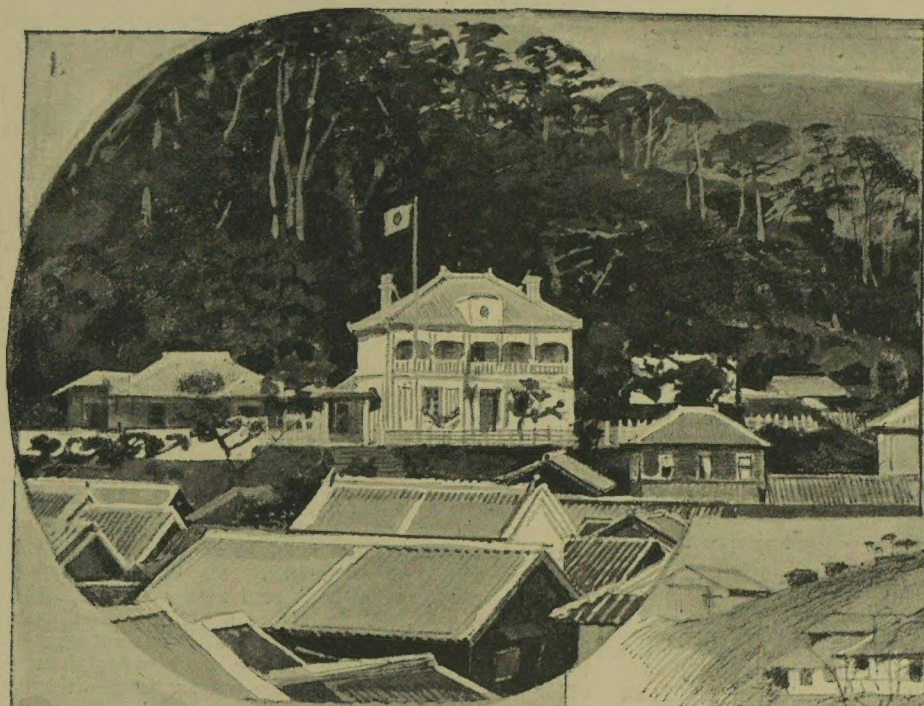
greatness or largeness, no doubt, but with a something added which changes the sense and calls up a different idea. “Big” means a teeming largeness, a pregnant greatness. It stands for a swelling bulk, fullness, inflation. A sail bellying in the wind is big, but not when it is furled, or stowed in the hold. We may say “a big gooseberry” if we like, but not “a big nail”; and “a big hope,” but not “a big dream.” The word is our only one for certain uses of importance, and these uses are very many, whether we employ the language of fact or fancy, metaphor or definition. And then our literary persons, of all men, so constantly and persistently abuse it that its peculiar significations are confounded to the ear and all but lost upon the minds of the general. Great, large, big, employed in one sense alone, they are commonly taken in one sense; whereby a word of unique meaning might almost as well be dropped out of the language.

An illustration of another sort of vagary may be found in the new use of the word “irresponsible.” Introduced by Mr. Disraeli on some occasion of high debate, it was instantly taken to heart by controversialists in general, as of the most precious efficacy. And yet as to the sense in which it is used, in nine cases out of ten it might be changed for “Mesopotamian” without any loss of aptitude or addition of ineptitude. It is in constant employment,

complacent a belief in its destructiveness, and so little perception of the absurd in its application, it had better be banished from use along with “irresponsible.”

RUSSIAN EMIGRANTS IN BERLIN.

Dread of the infection of cholera is a lamentable obstacle to international hospitality in these days; and our Sketch by a Berlin Artist shows what special precautions are now taken in Berlin whenever Russian emigrants are passing through that city. They arrive by a special train at the Stettin station of Berlin, and are taken through the streets under a strong escort to the Lehrte station. In front are the carriages with the heavy luggage; then follow the men, women, and children. Those who are sick must sit on the luggage in the wagons. Most of the people carry parcels in their hands, as they have a large amount of clothing with them and even their victuals for the whole journey to America. In front and alongside is a guard of mounted policemen and foot-constables. The emigrants are dirty and ragged, even the women, though dressed in loud colours. Such transport is usually done in the evening. They leave the Lehrte station by special train, the doors of which are locked as soon as they enter; they arrive next morning at Bremen, whence they are shipped to New York by one of the Bremen-Lloyd steamers. But the United States are not willing to receive them.



1. The Japanese Settlement at Fu-san. 2. The Japanese Legation at Seoul. 3. Ping-yang. 4. The River Ta-tung. 5. Ping-yang.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on Monday, Aug. 20, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duchess of Connaught, with three of her children, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, held a private investiture of the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, the Star of India, and the Indian Empire. Four Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, and twelve Knights Commanders, one Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George (Lord Russell of Killowen), a Knight Commander of each of the Orders of the Star of India and of St. Michael and St. George, and two Knights Commanders of the Indian Empire, were invested with the insignia of those honours. The Empress Eugénie has visited the Queen at Osborne.

The Prince of Wales on Monday, Aug. 20, came to London from Cowes, and departed for Homburg.

The Queen of Portugal has come to England to visit her father, the Comte de Paris, who is very ill.

The Session of Parliament, according to an announcement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons, on Monday, Aug. 21, would be prorogued on Friday or Saturday.

The Duke of Aosta, nephew to the King of Italy, has arrived in London, and is going to buy some horses in Ireland for his private stud.

The Khedive of Egypt, after visiting the Hague and Antwerp, has gone to Geneva. His Highness was advised by the Sultan of Turkey not to visit the Courts of the "Great Powers."

In France, after the execution of Santo Caserio, the assassin of President Carnot, ignominiously guillotined at Lyons, at five o'clock in the morning, on Thursday, Aug. 16, little has occurred worthy of comment. The Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, has been ill, and there was a groundless rumour that the Anarchists had poisoned him.

At Berlin, on Aug. 18, the German Emperor held the annual autumn review of the Guards corps on the Tempelhoferfeld. With the increased peace strength under the new army law there must have been nearly 30,000 troops on the ground. Although for the first time the infantry consisted almost entirely of men of under two years' service, the shorter training did not seem to lessen the military effectiveness of the troops.

The German Army has received a Russian compliment. The Colonel in command of the Czar's Bavarian Regiment, called the Nuremberg Regiment, reported himself to the Czar and was treated with special distinction, receiving, among other favours, an invitation to attend the manoeuvres near Krasnoye Zelo.

In Russia, on Aug. 17, Rear-Admiral Ragvozzoff, Governor of the Port of Cronstadt, was shot dead while driving to his office, by an assassin with a revolver, who then committed suicide. The murderer, whose name is Peninsky, was formerly a harbour official, and was recently discharged by the Governor. Revenge was clearly the motive of the crime.

A recent Imperial Ukase orders that 272,400 recruits shall be levied this year in the Russian Empire.

It is to the far east of Asia just now, and not in Europe, that we look for news of a warlike character. But no information whatever regarding the naval or military operations, either of the Chinese or the Japanese, has reached Shanghai since Aug. 12. It seems that the Japanese fleet, being fully occupied with the transport and convoy of troops to Corea, avoids a conflict at sea. On the other side, the Chinese navy is doing its best to intercept those movements of the enemy. The Pei Yang fleet has been divided into two squadrons, one under Admiral Ting on board the *Ting-Yuen*, cruising in the Gulf of Pechili, the other under Admiral Liu Paitseong on board the *Chen-Yuen*. This squadron convoyed the transports which left about July 25 for Corea. A third division was believed to be at Talien Wen, ready to escort to Corea the second army corps of 20,000 men, under General Sung. Most of the troops appear to have been landed at the Yalu River. The Foochow fleet has received orders that, while ostensibly making a demonstration against the Loo Choos, it is to cruise between Formosa and the mainland.

Preparations are rapidly being made for the defence of the Woosung forts, the defences of the approach to Shan-hai-kuan, where the Great Wall of China meets the sea, have been greatly strengthened in order to make the railway secure from possible raids by the Japanese. Four gun-boats were lying near there, in obedience to instructions from the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, while 2500 men were being added to the land garrison. This force was regarded as strong enough to prevent Shan-hai-kuan from being rushed by any small Japanese naval force which might escape the vigilance of the Chinese cruisers in the Gulf of Pechili.

The only actual incidents, so far, are the capture of the old Chinese dispatch-boat *Bang Yang*, Li Hung Chang's favourite vessel, the shelling of the Chinese war-ship *Tsi-Yuen*, with the loss of sixteen lives, and the sinking of a Japanese cruiser of the first class by the *Tsi-Yuen's* sister ship, the *Chen-Yuen*. The Northern Chinese squadron under Admiral Ting has searched the Gulf of Pechili for Japanese war-ships. He reports that the coast is clear of the enemy's ships.

The entrances to the great Chinese naval port of Wei-hai-wei were supposed to be impregnable, and since the

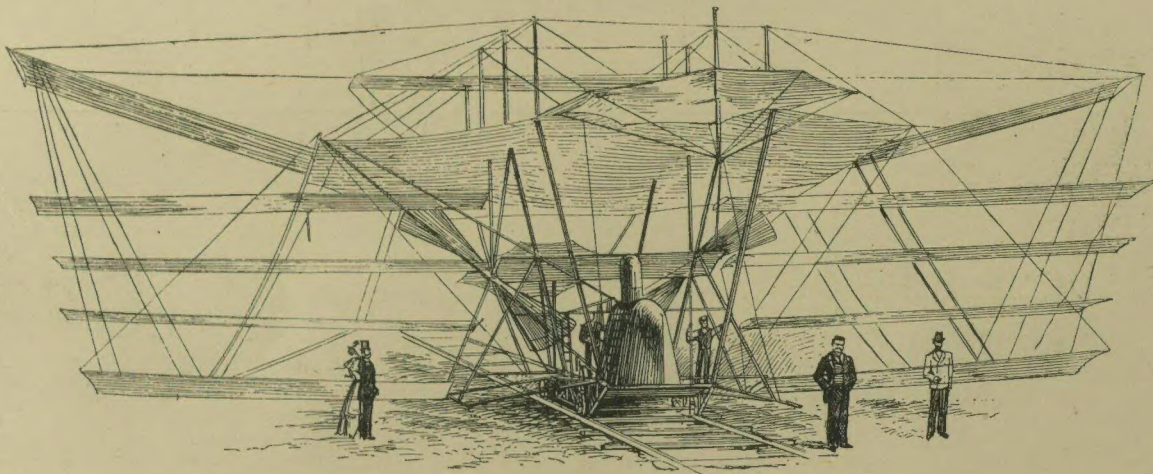
declaration of war torpedoes have been laid in the fairways and great booms constructed, while all beacon lights have been extinguished. Nevertheless, Japanese torpedo-boats upon three successive nights have entered the harbour, forcing the booms and evading or countermining the torpedoes. They did not attempt to engage the forts.

The Chinese irritation against all foreigners has found vent at Wei-hai-wei. A considerable number of foreigners, the majority of them Englishmen and Scotchmen from the Clyde district, are employed in the great arsenal there under special contracts with the Chinese Government. Owing to the outbreak of war they have had to leave.

News of a great battle in Corea will almost certainly be received this week. General Liu Ming Chuan, at the head of 50,000 well-armed and disciplined troops, is marching steadily upon the Japanese positions. General Oshima has not moved his main body in response, but has sent forward a strong force to engage the advance guard of the enemy. The battle is likely to take place near Ping-yang, of which little town or village, more correctly spelt Phuyong-yang, half-way between Gensan or Wonsan and the capital, Seoul, about a hundred miles distant from either city, we are enabled to present a view this week. The Japanese have also occupied and fortified very strong positions all round the city of Seoul, and the war is not to be decided by a single battle. Japan has promptly mobilised an army of 160,000 troops, better trained and armed than those of China; and a loan of fifty million dollars, to be subscribed by the Japanese themselves, is about to be issued.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

This is an era of progress for the drama, in spite of the tirades of the reactionaries, and nowadays the play that is of the theatre theatrical, that has no touch of nature in it, grows old very quickly. Eighteen years, then, is a long period to elapse between the production and the revival of a comic play of the essentially artificial order, yet it is just so long since "Hot Water," the bustling farce which the late Mr. Farnie founded upon Meilhac and Halévy's "La Boule," first saw the light, and its present revival at the Criterion is a bold stroke of Mr. Charles Wyndham's. Of course, this is the "silly season," when playgoers are not in critical mood; of course, too,



MAXIM'S FLYING MACHINE.

we know that this revival is only intended as a stop-gap; but there is no doubt that "Hot Water" shows its age considerably, and this notwithstanding its power to provoke that easy laughter which may always be commanded by the "You're another" and knock-about order of humour. And the greater part of the fun in "Hot Water" being of this description, it must be admitted that laughter flows easily and in plenty. Since this piece was last seen, however, Mr. Pinero has arisen in all the strength of his originality, and given to the English stage a much higher order of comic play—the farce of character, and it is difficult to think that after such gems of humorous dramatic writing as "Dandy Dick" and "The Cabinet Minister" there can be any abiding place in the English theatre for the cheap fun of such pieces as "Hot Water." We doubt if it can even hold its own against the genuine humour of "Charley's Aunt" or "The New Boy." The fact is, with our own native farce-writers giving us clever plays of a character indigenous to the soil, we no longer require the farcical exotics of France. The familiar Palais-Royal farce has, we think, served its turn with us, and the present hour is now for Mr. Pinero, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Arthur Law, and any other playwrights who will seek to present to us the humorous side of English life and character rather than merely to concoct a boisterous plot, however intricate and ingenious. Nevertheless, "Hot Water," albeit somewhat out of date, has still its funny moments, which have not lost all their freshness in the lapse of time, and the extravagant incidents follow each other so rapidly that one is allowed no time for thought of any kind, and laughter takes one unawares. The quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Pattleton is absolutely preposterous in its trivial causes and its wild development; but the intense seriousness with which they both take it, and the systematic earnestness with which Pattleton's valet fosters the quarrel in the hope of getting his master back to the old bachelor days and habits, make it diverting. Much of the favourable reception of the revival was due to Mr. Charles Hawtreys admirable and amusing impersonation of the excitable Pattleton, and Mr. Edward Righton's funny acting as the amorous nincompoop, Sir Philander Rose. Of an excellent humour, also, were the performances of Mr. George Giddens and Mr. J. G. Taylor as the two barristers, Mr. Blakeley as the judge, and Mr. Sydney Valentine as the valet; while Miss Edith Chester played in spirited fashion as Mrs. Pattleton, and Miss Miriam Clements, Miss Alice de Winton, and Miss Emily Vining were also usefully engaged in the representation.—M. C. S.

MAXIM'S FLYING MACHINE.

The problem of aerial locomotion by means of a flying machine appears to be on the point of being satisfactorily solved on the principles of scientific truth and by the results of practical experiment. The paper prepared by Mr. Hiram S. Maxim and read by Mr. W. Brodrick-Cloete at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, entitled "The Evolution of a Flying Machine," furnishes trustworthy information that we are within measurable distance of the faculty of flying, and this was acknowledged by no less authorities than Lords Kelvin and Rayleigh, the latter of whom remarked that the inspection of Mr. Maxim's flying machine was one of the sensations of his life, and that, with the exception of the two questions relating to steering the machine and landing on *terra firma* after flight—of which there had as yet been no opportunity of proving that the inventor's invention was incapable—the fulfilment of the laws of "aviation" had been completely realised.

The experiments which Mr. Maxim has conducted during the last four years in the intervals of his business relations with his well-known automatic and quick-firing guns have resulted in the construction of a machine of quite colossal dimensions, and furnished with a variety of scientific recording instruments of the greatest importance. Our Illustration gives a general idea of the outward form of the machine, with its light steel-framed hull covered with canvas and its immense overhead aeroplane of 2000 square feet supplemented by five narrower spreads of canvas on either side, together with similar arrangements fore and aft. A double compound condensing engine of 300-horse power of the lightest construction—worked by steam generated in a wedge-shaped tubular boiler, provided with a forced circulation, and capable of evaporating more water than any other as yet constructed of the same weight—drives the twin screws of 17 ft. 10 in. diameter along the experimenting line of rails which traverse the park where Mr. Maxim is at present residing. The heat-producer is naphtha-gas generated on board and brought into action by means of an area of some thousands of minute jets. To avoid the consumption of too much space in our columns we will only advert to the last experiment, which although some slight injury happened to the machine on that occasion, was of the most satisfactory kind.

When the gas was turned on the pressure amounted to 310 lb. per square inch, and the screws gave a thrust of more than 2100 lb. The machine started forward at the rapid pace of forty miles an hour, and after 300 ft. of progress the steam-gauge showed 320 lb. pressure per square inch. Of course this velocity was desired on the principle that the lifting power of the plane has been found to increase in proportion to the square of its velocity. Shortly afterwards the machine was lifting itself—i.e., 8000 lb., and this was demonstrated by the fact that the two outrigger sets of safety wheels were in contact with the parallel line of planking placed purposely to control the ascent of the machine beyond

that elevation. So far the experiment answered the expectations, but the results surpassed them, for this is what happened. The ascensional force was so great as to cause the axle-tree of one of the rear pair of controlling wheels to double up, while the other probably consequently left the safety track and, coming into contact with one of the wooden supports of the controlling line, the hull of the air-ship was rent, but not seriously. Steam was then shut off, and the machine came naturally to a sudden descent, the assistants sustaining somewhat of a tumble, but Mr. Maxim had held on to the rigging. An examination of the upper controlling line showed where the lift first commenced, for the outer wheels had been designedly fresh painted, while other deductive results embraced the facts that with aeroplanes of very nearly 4000 square feet and a weight of 10,000 lb., the planes were lifting 2.5 lb. per square foot and 5 lb. for each pound of screw thrust, the greater part of the power being lost in the screw slip. This showed that the diameter of the screws was not great enough. They should have been at least of 22 ft. diameter.

Mr. Maxim has had for some time another flying machine on the stocks, which will correct, it is expected, all previous detected errors. He expects to get 10 lb. lifted for every pound thrust, and with lighter engines, instead of wasting 150-horse power in screw slips, he will attain equal results with 75-horse power, while his aspirations of being able to travel through the air at forty miles an hour have risen to the rate of fifty-five per hour.

According to Mr. Maxim's exact calculations, the expenses up to date of his flying machine amount to £16,935 7s. 3d., so he holds out no hope of his machine coming under the regulations of the Hackney Carriage Act; but its capabilities as an engine of war are so invincible that fortifications, navies, and armies would become mere details in the question as to the relative superiority of nations in respect of armament.

The great annual Horse Show of Ireland will be held at Balls Bridge, Dublin, on Aug. 28, and three following days. There are 1081 horses entered and 225 pens of sheep. A very large attendance is anticipated.

There are signs of the renewal of the demand, in the Mohammedan world, possibly supported by France, that Egypt shall be released, as a dependency of the Ottoman Empire, from the tutelage of a "Great Power" of Christendom. The Egyptian Legislative Council has protested against the Italian occupation of Kassala.

PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery has acquired the presentation to a valuable piece of preferment. It is well known that the Very Rev. William Charles Lake, D.D., was anxious to resign the Deanery of Durham some eighteen months ago, but the members of the Chapter are apparently strong Unionists, and they did not take kindly to the idea of having a nominee of Mr. Gladstone's to reign over them. But the Dean's doctors are now determined that he must not spend another winter in the north of England; he has accordingly decided to retire, and Lord Rosebery will have the making of the new Dean. Whether his choice will be acceptable to the Chapter remains to be seen. The vacant Deanery is one of the most coveted of such offices; it is valuable pecuniarily, and is, moreover, a position of considerable dignity and influence. Dean Lake held it with honour and credit for twenty-five years, and his retirement is much regretted. His work in connection with the University of Durham, of which he was Warden, has been one long record of devotion and zeal, and it is to Dean Lake more than to any other living man that the northern seat of learning owes its present position and influence. The Dean's Oxford days carry us back to the time of Newman, Keble, and Pusey, but, although a distinct High Churchman, the excesses of the Tractarian Movement had no fascination for him. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, where he was Fellow and Tutor of Balliol. He took a First-Class Lit. Hum. in 1838, and was Latin Essayist in 1840. He was ordained in 1842, but it was not until 1858 that he entered upon parochial work, and he then accepted the college living of Huntspill, Somerset, and in 1860 he was given the dignity of a prebendal stall in Wells Cathedral. He was appointed to the Deanery of Durham in 1869 by Mr. Gladstone, with whom he had been on terms of great friendship for many years. But it will be as an educationist that he will be best remembered. He served on three Education Commissions, and he was also one of the leading members of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission of 1881.

The unopposed election for the Chichester Division of Sussex has naturally returned to the House of Commons

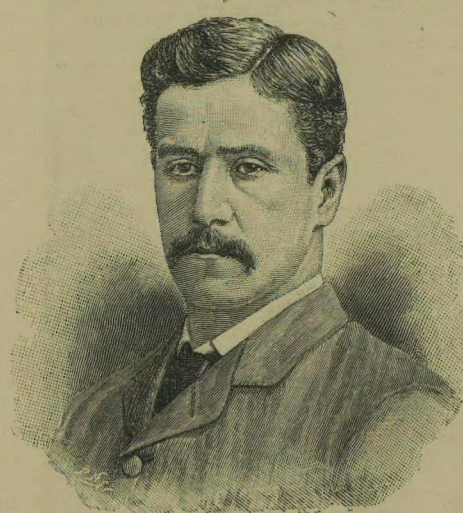


Photo by Russell and Sons.

LORD EDMUND TALBOT,
M.P. for the Chichester Division of Sussex.

a Lord Edmund, the son of a Duke, to sit in the place of a Lord Walter, the son of another Duke; for Goodwood and Arundel Castle are not far apart. The new Conservative M.P., a Roman Catholic, is Lord Edmund Bernard Talbot, younger surviving son of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, by his marriage with the daughter of the first Lord Lyons, and was born on June 1, 1855. He was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, entered the 14th Hussars, and was gazetted as captain in September 1881, and major in November 1891. From 1883 till 1888 he was adjutant of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry. In 1876 he assumed, by royal license, the name of Talbot instead of his patronymic of Howard, and in 1879 married the Hon. (now Lady) Mary Caroline Bertie, daughter of Lord Norreys, now Earl of Abingdon. Lord Edmund Talbot has thrice been a candidate for a seat in Parliament.

The Earl of Sandwich has withdrawn his subscription from a football club on the ground that a wealthy landowner cannot now afford to be openhanded. Lord Sandwich says he must save in order to leave his successor in a position to pay the heavy death duties on the estates. It is not the rich men now who can afford to be charitable, but the men of moderate means. This paradox is not likely to commend Lord Sandwich's grievance to public commiseration. His property will pay its share of the national taxation demanded by the increase of the Navy. The estate duty, which is officially calculated at about two or three years' income on very large properties, can be provided for by insurance on very easy terms. In these circumstances, for a wealthy man to give up his charities on the plea that he can no longer afford them, is an extremely dubious appeal to the general sympathy. Lord Sandwich's argument really comes to this—that the richer a man is the less he ought to pay to the national Exchequer. That is not a principle which will fill the great body of taxpayers with enthusiasm.

That indefatigable traveller, Mr. George Curzon, has published an interesting and timely book about the problems of the East. To the general reader who was alarmed by the pessimistic prediction of the late Charles Pearson that the Chinaman would eventually control the destinies of Europe it will be comforting to learn that Mr. Curzon does not take this gloomy view. Professor Pearson thought that the future belonged to the yellow and the black races. The Chinaman, in his judgment, has the greatest capabilities. He foresaw the day when the Mongol would command all the military resources of European strategists, and would be predominant in every European capital. On the other hand, Mr. Curzon declares that the Chinaman lacks the adaptability and initiative necessary for such an achievement. Nothing but "a revival of the age of miracles" could induce China to forsake her policy of absolute indifference to Western ideas. Such advance as she has made is "artificial and not organic reform." This view, at all events, is more consonant with traditional notions about China, and most people will prefer Mr. Curzon as a prophet to Mr. Pearson.

The Italian royal family is one of rare interest to observers of political history who have studied the per-



Photo by Bellini.

THE DUKE OF AOSTA.
Nephew to the King of Italy.

severing ambition of the Dukes of Savoy, from the time of Louis XIV., when they were allied with the German Empire and with England and Holland, their Prince Eugène being a worthy second to Marlborough on the field of Blenheim. Transformed into "Kings of Sardinia," they became, in the nineteenth century, commanders of the valiant small army of Piedmontese soldiers, which in 1849 confronted Austria, but suffered defeat at Novara, in 1855 assisted France and England in the Crimea, and in 1859, under King Victor Emmanuel, helped to achieve the liberation of Italy. The late King, dying in January 1878, was succeeded by his son Humbert, present King of Italy. His brother, the late Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, was invited in 1870 to the vacant throne of Spain, but was not able to keep his Spanish crown more than about two years. Emanuel Philibert, the present Duke of Aosta, is twenty-five years of age, and is a Prince much esteemed by his countrymen; but we cannot wish that any other European State should undergo such revolutions as would provide a titular foreign sovereignty for a junior branch of the House of Savoy.

The most extraordinary cricket match within living memory was played at the Oval between Lancashire and Surrey. This contest excited much interest, for on it depended the championship of the county elevens, but nobody could have anticipated the game, which ended in a drawn battle, and threw some thousands of people into a perfect frenzy. With seventy-five runs set them to win, Lancashire lost their last man when they had made the tie. This result was due chiefly to the bowling of Lockwood and Richardson for Surrey, especially of Lockwood, whose magnificent skill and dogged nerve saved his county from defeat. Never has any cricketer witnessed such a scene. Once during the last few moments Lancashire seemed to have failed to overtake their opponents, for the ball was in Brockwell's hands. It would have been a tremendous catch if he could have held it; but it was too hot for him, and the hopes of Surrey fell very low. However, Lockwood bowled with a terrific determination which had part of its reward, for just as the tie was reached one of the Lancashire batsmen was caught, and the spectators abandoned themselves to the wildest enthusiasm.

It is not improbable that we shall see a statue of Cromwell in the Palace of Westminster next year. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has promised to do his utmost to extract the necessary funds from the Treasury. Of historical or sentimental objections to such a monument there is at present no sign, though the Society of the White Rose, headed by Mr. Hubert Vivian, may be expected to make a hostile demonstration, without which the ceremony of unveiling Oliver may fall rather flat. Lord Rosebery, who is going to unveil a statue of Burke at Bristol, ought to undertake the same office for the great Protector. It would give him an opportunity of remarking that Cromwell abolished the House of Lords for a dozen years or so; though strict candour would probably lead the Prime Minister to confess that this event did not increase the powers of the House of Commons during that period. Perhaps some Opposition wag will suggest a statue to the memory of Colonel Pryde, famous for a certain Cromwellian "purge."

One of the most inviting places in London, after the British Museum and that at South Kensington, for a student of antiquities and of the history of art, is the house on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, containing Sir John Soane's collection of pictures and sculptures, books, manuscripts, and relics, bequeathed in 1837 by its enlightened owner, an eminent architect, to the public use. The Egyptian sarcophagus discovered by Belzoni, with its curious illustrations of mythology concerning the adventures of the soul after death, is alone worth a special visit. We regret to announce the death of the esteemed curator, Mr. Wyatt Papworth, who succeeded the learned and courteous Italian, Mr. Bonomi, in that office. Mr. Wyatt Papworth was especially distinguished by his literary labours on architectural subjects; and jointly with his late brother,



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. WYATT PAPWORTH.
Curator of the Soane Museum.

Mr. J. W. Papworth, edited the great "Dictionary of Architecture," in eight folio volumes, which was completed in forty years. He bestowed also much pains on the investigation of the history of English mediæval architecture, and the practical work of the Freemasons in ancient times. Who were the actual builders of our noble cathedrals—not the Bishops who paid for them, except such as William of Wykeham, who perhaps had the science and skill? There was a time when genius and industry could toil without the desire of fame.

The daughter of Mr. Pullman, the Chicago millionaire, is about to marry Prince von Isenberg-Berstein, who, though his name is not familiar to the universe, is no less than the son of Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Princess of Tuscany, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., and cousin of the Emperor Francis Joseph. If anybody objects that even these titles and dignities have rarely been heard of, he must be much more difficult to please than Miss Pullman and her father. Perhaps the workmen in the town of Pullman who lately had some differences with their employer will be deeply impressed by the entrance of his family into the charmed circle of European dynasties. It was bad enough to strike against the founder of Pullman city, but what Debs of the future will have the courage to make industrial war on the man whose daughter is Princess von Isenberg-Berstein, and daughter-in-law of Francis Joseph's cousin?

The Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society propose an exhibition next week which has special interest for all who are associated with the art of illustration. Several British and foreign firms are to be represented by their different kinds of half-tone process work and colour-printing. Perhaps the most interesting feature will be the educational collection, which has been gathered together by Mr. Charles W. Gamble and Mr. H. Snowden Ward, both of whom are well known in connection with artistic photography.

Civil engineers, the most useful, perhaps, and not the least successful of modern great working men, are deserving of notice when they pass away, over eighty years of age. One who did much, as a pupil of George Stephenson, in railway construction, and afterwards, as a partner of Messrs. R.S. Newall and Co., in making and laying wire-rope submarine telegraph cables, was Mr. Charles Liddell, who lately died in Abingdon Street, Westminster. He was long associated in these labours with Mr. Robert Stephenson and with Mr. L. D. B. Gordon. Many lines of railway, connected with the London and North-Western, and in South Wales, were engineered by Mr. Liddell; and he performed similar tasks in European Turkey and in Lombardy. Recently, notwithstanding his advanced age, he rendered much service to the Metropolitan Railway Company in its extension to Aylesbury; and to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's scheme for bringing the produce of the Derbyshire collieries to London at the intended St. John's Wood terminus. His laying of the submarine telegraph in the Black Sea, from Varna to Balaklava, during the Crimean War must be remembered as a notable aid to our military operations at that time.

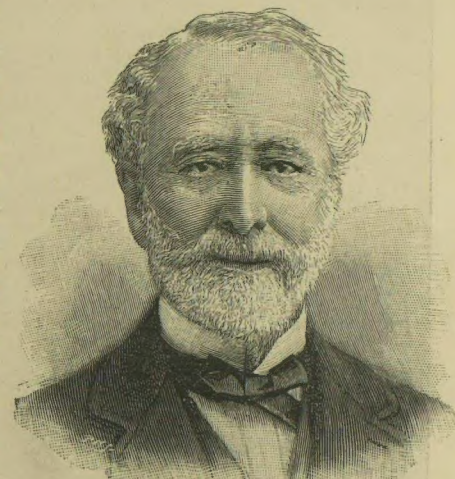


Photo by Vandyk, Gloucester Road.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES LIDDELL.

In our brief memoir, last week, of the late Lord Denman, there was a slight allusion to the brilliant career of his younger brother, the Hon. George Denman, a distinguished member of Cambridge University, who was M.P. for Tiverton, an eminent Queen's Counsel, and an excellent judge. When he retired from the Bench everybody thought him worthy of such honours as are bestowed on good lawyers called to augment the usefulness of the House of Lords. It was rumoured at the time that this dignity had been offered to him; we could have wished, as we believed, that it had been so. But Mr. Denman corrects this impression, and another slip of the pen, by the following note: "1. There is no foundation for the statement that I ever refused or was offered a peerage. 2. I am not my father's youngest son; I am happy to say that my youngest brother, the Hon. and Rev. Lewis William Denman, is still living, though we twice rowed together in the Cambridge crew so long ago as in 1841 and 1842." This clergyman, rector of Willian, Herts, was born in 1821, two years after the Hon. George Denman. The latter did not accept the knighthood usually assumed by Judges of the Superior Courts.

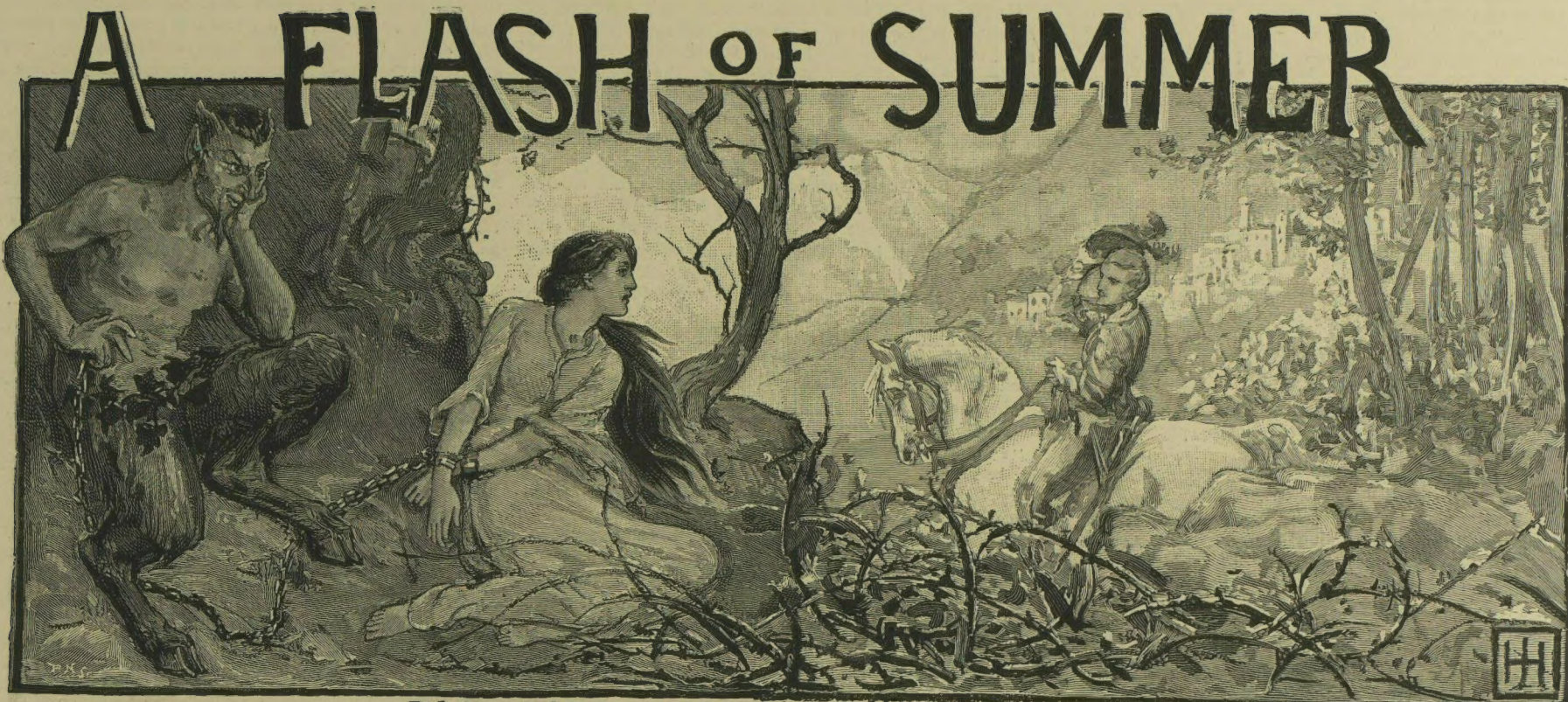
In reference to our Illustration in last week's issue of the grave of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," the Rev. T. L. Sissmore, Rector of Holy Trinity, Bath, calls our attention to the fact that that gifted writer was married to Mr. Craik in his church in April 1865. In the same parish Bishop Butler died in 1752, and Sir William Herschel discovered the planet Uranus in 1781.

In the obituary notice last week of the late Mr. Christopher Maling Webster, of Durham, it was stated that he married the elder daughter of Mr. Philip Laing. This is not quite correct; Mr. Philip Laing's eldest daughter by his first wife married the late Mr. William Oswald of Highbury; Mr. Oswald, Q.C., is her son, and she left several other children.



A FRIENDLY GREETING.

By Jean Berg.



BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &C.

CHAPTER XI.

Katherine heard him come up the cocoanut-covered stairs and go along the corridor: someone was showing him the way. She listened to his footsteps, and imagined his face. He stopped at the end of the corridor, knocked, and called "Mother." Then she knew for a certainty that she was right.

Mrs. Alford opened the door quickly and fell into her son's arms. "Oh, my dear," she said, "this is a surprise."

"I thought you would say so," he laughed. "I told them not to tell you that I was coming, I wanted to drop down upon you unawares."

"My dear, oh, my dear, my dear!" she said again as she pulled him into the room and pushed him gently into one of the velvet-covered chairs with arms, beside the window, "Is it really you?"

"Yes—at least it seems like it?"

"And are you better," she asked, looking at him as though she could hardly believe that she was awake.

"Oh! I'm all right," he answered a little uneasily, "though I have been pretty well riddled with fever, I can tell you. However, it has got me six months' leave, so I oughtn't to grumble. Six months, Mummy! think of that and sing a psalm. We can go to Jericho together if we like."

"We'll go to England, my son, and that will be better. Tell me about your illness, and how you managed the journey."

"Not much to tell," he said cheerily. "I fell sick and was like to die, managed with some diplomacy and a good many certificates to get leave. Went by easy stages to Bombay, took ship and sailed to Brindisi, crawled along here. That's all. George and Alice send their love; the baby's a bouncer, and more beautiful than ever, so they'll tell you. Spent a day with them all in Bombay. What have you done with the pretty girl they found for you—is she here still? Alice's friend, I mean."

"Yes, she's here, and will be so glad to see you, my dear."

"Oh! will she? That's your idea, Mummy. If she's the one who put her head out of window as I arrived, I shall be glad to see her. How long is she going to stay with you?"

"Till I go back to England in September, unless you want me, dear boy, to go anywhere with you. She's so good and unselfish, that I'm sure she would give me up."

"That's all right, then. Now let us talk about somebody else. I was so sorry about your illness last winter, nearly came home, with or without leave." He took his mother's hands and kissed them. "Still it was a comfort to you, wasn't it, having Jim and Alice and the baby? By Jove! what a fuss people make about a baby when they have one for the first time. It is such a pity they don't begin with twins; upon my word I think it would keep them quieter. What is your pretty girl called, Kathy something, isn't it?"

"Katherine Kerr," the old lady said vacantly, too much overjoyed to do more than look at him. "You must come and see her. Oh, wait, I'll call her."

"No hurry, Mummy dear," he said, holding her back affectionately. "It's good enough to see you."

She looked at him long and fondly. "You are handsomer than ever," she said; "but you don't look well."

"I shall soon," he answered. "I believe you are more beautiful than ever, Mummy, since we are paying compliments. What sort of people are staying here?"

"I haven't looked at them. You see, I have Katherine."

"I shall call her Kathy."

"You must call her Miss Kerr."

"All right, Mummy, I'll mind my manners. Look here, I must go and do some unpacking, and then we'll have a long talk if you like. I forget what number the beggar



"Beastly shame," he thought: "someone has helped her to find that out already. I should like to know who it was."

said my room was, but it's a floor lower down, and I daresay I shall find it."

"I'll come with you to the end of the corridor, and we will knock at Katherine's room. I want her to know how happy I am," she said lovingly.

Katherine heard their footsteps stop by her door, and, opening it, stood facing them.

"I watched you coming up," she said. "I'm glad you are here. Mrs. Alford has been so anxious about you." She looked at Jim with clear blue eyes that were tender enough when they turned to his mother—it proved their capacity, he thought.

"I saw you leaning out of the window," he said merrily, "and guessed it was you. Alice was always talking of you, and George joined in the chorus."

"And the Immortal?"

"Only cried. No doubt he'll do better by and by. I hope you like this place, Miss Kerr; it is very kind of you to take care of the Mummy. She wants someone to look after her." He put his arm round Mrs. Alford's shoulder as they walked away.

"You must take him some walks, my dear," the old lady said, looking back. "She has had to go alone, poor thing," she continued to her son as they went down stairs. "For I am not able to do much; I was never a good walker, you know."

"You weren't bad, not what we call a strider, but—" Then their voices were lost in the distance. Katherine went back to her room, sitting down with her arms folded, and looked out into space.

"He's very handsome," she said to herself. "He's much better looking than George; and how fond he is of his mother! It is lovely to see them together." Then just because her heart was light and hungered to take a little brightness somewhere, she went in to see the consumptive woman again, and asked if she could do anything for her.

"Would you like me to read aloud?—I often read to Mrs. Alford. Perhaps it would help you to go to sleep sometimes," she said humbly.

"No, thank you. I never heard any reading yet that satisfied me," said Miss Bennett ungraciously.

"I can understand that," Katherine answered. "I read some Browning to myself a little while ago, but could not imagine a living voice that would do him justice."

"I don't like Browning. You can take that volume of him away, if you like," Miss Bennett said, nodding to a book on the table. "I don't want it, I found it in a railway carriage."

"You don't want it?"

"I am not well enough for him. He did not write for sick and tired people. Besides, I dislike poetry. Prose is good enough for anything worth saying."

"Oh! don't say that," Katherine answered. "Between poetry and prose there is the same difference that there is between speaking and singing."

"And speaking is better than singing," said the woman, "unless it is better than any that I ever heard. Poetry is never good enough, and singing is never good enough. Nothing is good enough in the world. That is what I have found," she added, with a long weary sigh; "but I started expecting too much, and nothing has satisfied me."

"I expected nothing," Katherine answered, "and started knowing of nothing to expect, but now everything seems to be growing more and more beautiful as I journey on; but is there nothing I can do for you, Miss Bennett?"

"Only take away the Browning, and those flowers. Mrs. Ball, the woman with the thin husband, brought them. I dislike flowers near me; it disturbs me to see them die."

"I never thought of that," said Katherine gently; "I'll arrange them in my room and you shall come and see them only while they are fresh. It's too late for you to go to the Bella Vista to-night, I know, but I'll come and see if you are able to walk there in the morning. Good-bye, if we don't meet again—we sit so far apart at dinner, and you have so many friends at table that I never come near you down stairs."

"Not friends," said Miss Bennett, as Katherine was going out of the door, "and they are only kind to me because"—she waited till the door was shut—"they think I'm going to die."

Katherine went along the corridor to Mrs. Alford, for she knew that Jim was still down stairs. The old lady was standing up tall and stately, as she always looked when she rose to her feet.

"Just one moment to tell you how glad I am," the girl said gently, and held out her hands. "It was a beautiful surprise for you, and I don't wonder that you love him so much."

"My dear, there is no one like him in the world—like him and my other boy; but Jim is my youngest and has always loved me most, and I am so proud of him." Her voice was low and full of happiness. She took Katherine in her arms, and kissed her as if from thankfulness to the day for its portion of joy. "He's the strongest man I ever knew, and as tender as a woman."

"I could hear it in his voice," Katherine answered, "and I am so glad for you—hush! he is coming. I will go away till dinner-time." She hurried softly along the corridor again, passing Jim on her way. "Your mother is waiting for you," she said, and turned a radiant face to him. "You will

have two hours together before the dinner-bell rings," and she passed on. "What a world it is," she thought, as she entered her room again; "the human beings in it are so wonderful: they fill one's heart." She sat down with an unaccountable happiness possessing her to think of the blessed lines on which her lot had fallen.

The watch on the table beside her—it was the one that Uncle Robert had given her—pointed a quarter to six before she rose from her reverie. "Dear Uncle Robert," she said, as she noticed the time, "I wonder if you have found your children. I wish I had been a better companion to you all those years, but I was so afraid of you, for pain and trouble had made you stern. Perhaps some day I shall dare to go to you." She brushed out her hair; it was long and dark, with a little natural curl in it that made it fall softly on her forehead, she twisted it up into a large knot behind, as the Greek women twisted theirs in centuries gone by, and fastened into her waistband a little bunch of the flowers Miss Bennett had despised. Then she went back to the sick woman. "Let me take you down," she said, "Mrs. Alford has her son," and she drew Miss Bennett's arm through hers.

"You can't like being troubled with so helpless a creature," she grumbled.

"I am sorry—so sorry for you, but I am glad to be near you, because I am strong, and one's strength is like one's money," she laughed; "to be handed on—there's such a joy in spending it." She took Miss Bennett to her place at the far end of the table, then went to her own by Mrs. Alford. Jim entered five minutes later and sat down on the other side of the old lady. She was conscious of him every moment; it was like an intoxication. She heard his voice each time he



"I don't like Browning. You can take that volume of him away if you like."

spoke, and knew when he looked her way. To think that he was going to stay there with them, every day, perhaps for weeks to come, seemed the strangest thing on earth.

They went out of doors after dinner. Katherine tried to leave the mother and son together, but he came swiftly up to her as she was taking a side path towards the farm.

"My mother thinks that if I ask you very humbly you will, perhaps, take me to the Bella Vista," he said.

"I will take you without the humility," she answered; "but would you not like to stay with her this first evening?"

"She says it will only take us twenty minutes to get there and back, and then we can drink our coffee with her."

"Then let us start," and they walked on together.

"She's the handsomest girl I've seen these five years," Jim Alford said to himself. "Wonderful expression her face has—both brightness and sorrow in it."

"How long are you going to stay?" she asked.

"I have six months' leave. My mother talks of remaining here for a bit; then we shall go to England. When are you going home?"

"I have no home," she answered, with a strange little smile, as though the knowledge pleased her.

"I know," he answered; "Alice told me. Your belongings consist of an ogre in the shape of an uncle—the description is hers, of course, not mine—who went to Australia."

"He isn't an ogre, though he did go to Australia, and I am fond of him."

"Beg pardon," he laughed. "I daresay he's awfully nice, and personally I'm rather inclined to ogres, though he isn't one, you say. Are you going to stay abroad all the winter?"

"Yes, all the winter."

"Where?"

"I don't know yet. I never look forward."

"Better not," he said, with a gravity that surprised her.

"If the present is worth anything it's better to live in it. You'll think me an awful duffer, but I want to sit down on that seat there, if you wouldn't mind? I have not been through with my fever very long, and that pull up to-day was rather a long one." His face was pale, he was trembling with cold. "It's nothing," he said presently, with a shudder, "the plaguey thing comes back to torment one now and then."

"You have been very ill, I know," she said anxiously.

"Ill! Nobody knew how bad I was. I was afraid they would tell the poor Mummy. As a matter of fact, I bothered about getting the leave because I thought I should never see her again. But the voyage did wonders for me, and I daresay this place will set me up, and the Mummy and—" he was going to say "you," but he stopped, and said "all of it." He looked up at her gratefully. "It was such a comfort to know that you were with her."

"How did you know? You've only seen me to-day."

"I know everything about you," he answered. "All about Shooter's Hill, and the crane, and his one leg, and Eltham Palace. There, you see, I'm quite set up in your history."

"And I know something about yours, but not much," she answered; "you live at Lahore and—"

"That's enough: there isn't any more except that I have a house there, and live in it all by myself."

"You ought to get married," she said simply.

"Never saw anybody yet I wanted to spend all my life with. Did you? I believe I could go a little bit farther, if you like."

"Let me give you an arm," she said, without a bit of coquetry.

"There's something awfully straight about this girl," he thought, "and she's perfectly beautiful to look at. Thank you," he said; "I will if I can't get along. I'm all right at present. Did you?"

"Did I—what?"

"Ever see anyone you wanted to spend all your life with?"

"No, never," she answered fervently, "never; but I think," she added, "that people are very good and kind. I have felt that more than anything else lately," she added, as if she spoke from conviction rather than experience.

"Yes, I'm sure they are—uncommonly good lot, on the whole—a few exceptions, of course."

"Oh, yes; there are exceptions," and she shuddered.

"Beastly shame," he thought: "someone has helped her to find that out already. I should like to know who it was. I'd make things a bit uneasy for him or her. Hallo—here we are!" he exclaimed, as they came upon the view at Bella Vista. "By George, it is splendid! I'd no idea that it was so fine." They stood together, looking in silence on the magnificence that had suddenly burst upon them.

"It makes one thankful for life, with eyes to see and ears to hear," she said, "to look at it even once is compensation for years—that—that—have been different."

"You speak as if you had suffered a great deal."

"Oh, yes, I have suffered," she answered, with a scared look in her eyes that came and went in a moment.

"I expect we all get our share. It's a good thing, I suppose. We none of us know anything till then, or understand it at any rate."

"That is the pity of it, but don't let us talk of anything but happiness," she said, looking up with a smile. "I have tried so hard

lately to drive the rest out of my thoughts: and this is such a beautiful day for your mother, we ought to help her celebrate it. Come, let us go back, the coffee will be ready."

"I wonder if we could ever get down to that lake," he said, taking a last look at the view; "I mean to Lugano."

"There is a little path down," she said. "Not the one you came up by to-day, but a lovelier one. I went halfway down it the other afternoon while your mother slept."

"Let's try it one day," he answered, as if they were old friends, and it was a matter of course that they should explore together. "I say, are there any books here, at the hotel?"

"There are some novels in the library," she said, as they took their way back, "and I have got a stray volume of Browning's Lyrics."

"We'll bring it out next time we come this way; it will fit in with the surroundings pretty well. But it's a dangerous book for two people to read together?"

"Dangerous?"

"Very," and he thought how blue her eyes were.

"You look tired, my son," Mrs. Alford said as they entered the summer-house.

"Yes, Mummy," he answered; "even the happiest day one has known for years wears one out a little. I shall be stronger in a month or two, especially if I'm taken walks," and he looked at Katherine.

"I shall take you one every day," she said with a little smile, and left them together.

"At the end of a string," he said. "That's a wonderful girl, mother. There is so much in her face; but I believe she has been ill-used at some time or other; however, she seems to be sunning herself in the time here."

"She never says so, but I fancy that her uncle must have ill-treated her."

"Old ruffian! I daresay he did."

They went to Bella Vista again the next night, and up to the summit of Generoso two mornings later to see the sunrise.

"It is such a comfort to me that you are here, my dear," Mrs. Alford said to Katherine, "for I cannot walk, and but for you, there would have been no one to take Jim about."

"And he's not to be trusted alone, I suppose?" he laughed.

"No," said Katherine, "neither am I, that is why we are sent together."

The rest was only natural: in a week they were greatest friends, in a month—the happiest month of Katherine's whole life—they set their lives entirely by the wishes of each other. He was not strong, but he had wonderful spirits. "Not strong, obstinate describes me," he said one day, "but you see it is difficult to believe that up here Nature could do one a bad turn, and I never feel content till I have walked over every mile possible within reach of headquarters." And Katherine, who loved the world—just the beautiful world itself—before all things, or had till lately, usually went with him, while the old lady looked after them and rejoiced. She wanted her boy to marry—she dreaded his going out to Lahore again alone. "A wife would take care of him," she thought, and she had seen no one she liked so well as Katherine. Her reserve, her belief in the world, her absolute contentment in being cared for, her delight in simple

hand of Fate: as the people were born one by one into the world Fate handed them a packet, and in it was the life they had to live. They never knew what was going to happen to them except in that first moment which they could not remember. But each one's life for good or ill was in his heart, and he had to live it. You are going home with your son, dear Mummy, and I am going on."

"Where?"

"I don't know yet; but I shall soon."

"My child, it may be that you are to come to England, though you do not know it."

"Oh, no," and she turned away again.

"Katherine," the old lady said, trying to see what lay behind the troubled blue eyes, "I do not know what your life was there, but I think you were very unhappy."

"Yes," and she nodded her head, "I was very unhappy. I never had any happiness at all, save that which the beauty of the world gave me, till I left England, and saw you that day on board ship. Here is Jim," for they had soon learnt to call each other by Christian names. "You see, you and Alice were schoolfellows," Jim had explained, "and that is one reason why we should not treat each other with any respect, and then we are not in London, and we both like the Mummy,

though as a rule I try to avoid it. I like my work," he added, "in India and Lahore—I have had such good days there. If the Mummy keeps well and fever deserts me, I should like the future to be like the past—plus one. And you?"

"I want it to be quite different from my past," she said quickly. "It will be. I am going on to places I have never seen and to people I do not know."

"But have you left no people you care for behind?"

"There's Uncle Robert, but he is in Australia; and Susan, she has her own people; and Mrs. Oswald, she has her husband. There are no others—no others in the world except the Mummy and you, and Alice and her husband, and the Immortal."

"Couldn't you pull me out of that little crowd and give me a place to myself?"

"It might be a bad place."

"Anything is better than a crowd. But, I say, do you mean always to be by yourself? You know, some day you might want to get married."

"Oh, no; never, never!"

"Well, that's encouraging," he thought, and they went on for a few minutes in silence. The pathway to the farm was defined by a primitive railing, only wide enough for one



BABY'S FIRST HARVEST.

From a Photograph by Ralph W. Robinson, Redhill.

pleasures, and a certain courtesy of manner that distinguished her, all appealed to the old lady, who considered the girls of the present day undignified or frivolous.

They went down to Lugano on foot one morning, and searched among the covered streets for curios, and lunched at the hotel, and took the train back to Mendristo and rode up on mules to Genesio in time for dinner—a whole day to themselves—while Mrs. Alford stayed at home well satisfied to think of them together, or tried to devise means by which she might keep Katherine with her if she and Jim did not fall in love with each other.

"I wish you would come to England with us, my dear," she said one afternoon; "there is room for you at the little house at Chilworth, and I shall be all alone when he goes back to India in January. Couldn't you come with me?" Katherine was putting on her hat, and Mrs. Alford could not see her eyes, but there was terror in her voice as she answered—

"I can't go to England, dear Mummy; keep me till the last moment before you go, and then I will take my separate way."

"You are so young to be alone."

"I know, but it has to be." She turned and faced her. "I read a story book once," she said suddenly; "in it was a description of how lives were given out for people to live. They were done up in packets and all mixed up by the

and lastly it's such a bore to be Miss Kerr-ing and Mr. Alford-ing each other, and we never do it behind each other's backs." Her face lighted up as he entered, and with a sigh of relief she chased away her memories.

"You and the Mummy appeared to be having an argument when I entered," he said, as they went on their way to the farm. "What was it about?"

"We were talking of the end of September."

"Leave the future alone," he answered. "I believe in taking the portion dealt out for the day and getting all the good one can out of it."

"Sometimes one is forced to think about it against one's will," she said in a low voice.

He looked at her for a moment before he answered. She wore a white dress and a big white hat. She looked tall and slim and very young; but there was a womanly sedateness about her that was very restful. He could imagine her living a simple country life, busy with domestic affairs, and finding intellectual employment enough for herself when they were done. "She would look uncommonly well," he thought, "at the head of a table, or riding—by Jove! how she would like the early morning Indian rides—awfully proud a man would be of her, too." He thought of his house in Lahore and the stillness that filled it now, and the courage it would take to break in upon it alone.

"That is true; I have thought of it a great deal lately,

person to walk along it, yet somehow they managed to walk two abreast. They sat on three-legged stools at the farm, and drank milk out of little bowls, while the bottle that Katherine had carried in a straw basket on her arm was filled for the benefit of Mrs. Alford and Miss Bennett, who considered that tea-making here was the event of the afternoon.

"We must come here on Sunday," Jim said as they went back. "The goatherds and the milkmaids dance in the evening. We will come and look on—it will be another memory."

"Yes." He drew her hand through his arm; a sudden remembrance of Mr. Belcher made her shudder.

"This pathway is constructed for people to walk so," he said. "It is better than going separately, especially when you don't want to talk, and we are not in a very chattering humour this afternoon."

"Sometimes one lives more keenly in silence."

"What are you thinking of, Kathy?"

"I was thinking," she said, "that, even if it means pain and bitterness, or being very lonely, we should still be very thankful for our turn of human life. It would have been much worse to be a stone or a star instead of a human being."

"You are a queer girl," he answered. "I wonder if you know—"

She drew away the hand he had taken. "I don't know anything," she said, "and here we are back again."

(To be continued.)



*Chinese God of
Valour & War.*



Chinese Soldier.



Military Band on the March.

*R. A. Woodville.
1894.*



KISSING USURY.

Biancha, let
Me pay the debt
I owe thee for a kiss
Thou lend'st to me;
And I to thee
Will render ten for this.

If thou wilt say,
Ten will not pay
For that so rich a one;
I'll clear the sum,
If it will come
Unto a million.

He must of right,
To th' utmost mite,
Make payment for his pleasure,
By this I guess.
Of happiness
Who has a little measure — HERBERT.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Just immediately after the last Russo-Turkish War, I happened to have some business to transact at a well-known maker's of surgical appliances, and, while a friend and I were talking to one of the members of the firm, we noticed a number of wooden legs being packed for consignment to Constantinople. "Rather an eloquent protest against the war," said the member of the firm, pointing to the cases. "Yes," replied my friend, "they are *stump speeches*."

I do not belong to the Peace Society, and have no sympathy with their fads. I have often thought that war itself is a dispensation of Nature to restore the equilibrium of a surplus population. Proof whereof seems to be that—to quote only one instance—when science sends a Jenner to preserve humanity from the ravages of the smallpox, society, or Nature herself maybe, sends a Napoleon, lest the civilised world should get overcrowded. Nevertheless, I am free to admit that this is, perhaps, too dispassionate a way to look at it, and that fathers and mothers, sons, daughters, and sweethearts, who have lost their nearest and dearest on the battlefield, cannot be expected to take so calm and logical a view. They may argue—if they argue at all—that if a difference arises between nations, and especially nations ruled by sovereigns, these two sovereigns should fight it out in single combat; "inasmuch," say the Republicans, "as three-fourths of such quarrels are due to dynastic, and not national or international causes." Victor Emmanuel, though not agreeing to the causes, professed himself willing to adopt the method and challenge Francis Joseph to decide the question of a united Italy by an armed encounter between themselves only.

These reflections have been suggested to me by the visit of Emperor William to the ex-Empress Eugénie, a visit which has aroused a good deal of comment both in Germany and France. The comments on both sides of the Franco-German frontier may be summed up in a few lines. "We keep arming to the teeth, and do not abate one jot of our hatred to one another, and they are exchanging polite nothings. What about our sufferings?"

These comments remind me of the story I have told elsewhere, but which will bear repeating here. When, in 1855, Queen Victoria paid her visit to Napoleon III., Napoleon went to meet her at Boulogne, and, during the procession from the quay to the railway station, an English nobleman entered into conversation with two veterans of the First Empire, the one a soldier, the other a sailor. "Well, my friend," said his Lordship to the latter, who was short of his left leg; "well, friend, now we have made it up." "Made it up indeed," was the answer; "but while they are making it up they might give me back my leg which I have lost in their quarrels." "You idiot!" remarked his companion, the soldier; "your leg would no more fit you than would my arm." "That's true," retorted the other; "still, it's odd that we should have fought like mad dogs and lost our limbs"—pointing across the Channel—"with no better result than this."

Mind, I am not criticising the Emperor for what he did. It was an act of tact and courtesy, even more to be commended than a similar visit Alexander II. paid to Chislehurst the last time he was in England. The male members of the Hohenzollern family have always been particularly attentive to the Empress Eugénie, especially the Emperor's grandfather, who used to console her in her periodical flights from the Tuileries to the German *bads*—after a more than usually violent "flare-up" at the Tuileries. Queen Augusta did not quite like it, but that is a minor detail. And after all, there is something due to the widow of Napoleon. But for her there would have been no war, and Wilhelm would be only King of Prussia, instead of being the German Emperor.

When Pope Leo heard of the miscarrying of the Eight Hours' Bill, he professed himself sorry. I can well understand that. Some time ago, while discussing its provisions, his Holiness remarked: "I like the idea of it, and, while they are regulating the clauses, they might include me in one, for I fancy I am a bit overworked, too, for my age."

If Caserio Santo had been allowed to live another week M. Deibler would have been in a fix, for the principal assistant of the present "Monsieur de Paris" is his own son, and the latter will have to begin his twenty-eight days' drill on Aug. 23. M. Deibler, who is not a young man, seriously contemplates asking the Government to grant his son "definite leave," for his son is virtually "his successor elect." Though the office of chief headsman is not hereditary, the fathers are generally

bringing up their eldest son "to the business." There was a dynasty of Sansons, there was a dynasty of Heindreichs—the last representative of the latter family, whom I knew particularly well, officiated for fifty-four years out of seventy. He died on Good Friday of the year 1872, in his seventy-first year, and had begun his career with his father, who was the headsman at Toulon at sixteen. To Heindreich is due the present construction of the scaffold, which is very low on the ground, and prevents to a certain extent the morbid curiosity of the more distant crowd from being indulged. But Heindreich did not live to inaugurate his own invention, which on its first appearance was dubbed by an irreverent spectator, "a sewing machine that dis-joints instead of joining." The last representative of the Rochs, who was the immediate predecessor of M. Deibler, did not bring up his son to the business. His son was a hatter, nevertheless the father asked for an exemption of military service for him on the ground of his name and his father's well-known "office," "which," he said, "might give rise to unpleasant jokes in the regiments."

A SOUTH AFRICAN ANGORA GOAT BREEDER, WITH HIS PRIZE ANIMALS.

Mrs. Olive Schreiner writes to us as follows: "The history of the introduction of the Angora goat industry in South Africa is somewhat unique. The first Angora goat was introduced into the country in 1838. The exportation of the Angora from Asia Minor and Persia, its native habitat, was disapproved of by the authorities in these countries, and the first animals, twelve rams and one ewe, were with great difficulty obtained, probably via Bussorah and Bombay. Six of these rams died on their voyage, and the remaining



A SOUTH AFRICAN GOAT-BREEDER AND HIS PRIZE GOATS.

six, which arrived safely in South Africa, were found to have been rendered impotent by means of an operation before they started. The ewe had, however, given birth to one male kid on the voyage, and proved fertile; and from this ram and single ewe arose the first flocks of Angoras reared at the Cape. Later on other importations were made at equal trouble and expense, and the Angora goat industry forms now one of the most rapidly increasing and lucrative in South Africa, the Angora goat multiplying and flourishing in many mountainous, rocky, or thorny parts of the country, where the Merino sheep succeeds ill.

"The subject of the accompanying sketch is Mr. Richard Cawood, one of the most noted Angora breeders in the country, accompanied by certain of his prize animals. Residing in one of the most lovely valleys of South Africa, his farm covering some twelve thousand acres of land, which are largely grown over by a species of delicate yellow-blossomed thorny acacia-tree, on the young shoots of which the Angora particularly loves to feed, he has for twenty-five years devoted himself to the breeding of Angoras with singular success. He is one of the largest prize-takers at all colonial shows, the hair upon an animal sometimes reaching the length of from thirteen to fifteen inches, and a year's growth on one goat reaching as high a weight as 15 lb. The animals represented in our picture are types of ewes and rams, with a year's growth of hair upon them."

A protocol has been signed with the object of uniting Guatemala, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras into a Central American Republic. Only Costa Rica dissents.

Four centuries ago, when the Portuguese navigators, then far in advance of all other European nations in maritime discovery, had coasted West Africa to latitudes beyond the Equator, they erected a memorial pillar at a point which is called Cape Cross. In January last year, the remains of that pillar, which had fallen, were saved and brought to Europe by a German ship of war. The Emperor William II. has ordered a new column of polished granite bearing the arms of Portugal and Germany, with the original inscriptions, to be erected there.

ART NOTES.

There is no better gauge of the improvement which has taken place in the art taste of the public than the choice of pictures won as prizes in the Art Union of London. At one time these were never of the "penny plain" order. They were "twopence coloured" and very highly coloured too—quite a Berlin-woolwork style of art. Year by year this heathenish taste has lessened, and the thirty or so of pictures and drawings now on view at 112, Strand are selections which show taste on the part of the prize-winners. It is a good sign that rather more than half the works are water-colours. The artistic value of a fifteen, twenty-five, or thirty-five pound drawing must needs be greater than that of an oil-painting of like sum. The chief prize was Mr. F. Goodall's "Rebekah," valued at £900, and painted many years ago. The Royal Society of British Artists supplied the greatest number; but the Royal Academy was only one less, and the Royal Water-Colour Society was patronised by five of the prize-holders. Two of the best choices were made at the New Gallery, one being a landscape in glowing evening light with figure and cattle, by Mr. John Parker, and the other a strong work, weatherful and broadly touched, by Mr. Raphael Jones. Every subscriber of a guinea for the past year receives a fine etching by Mr. David Law of Mr. Clayton Adams's picturesque landscape, "The Silver Dart." Mr. Law is even now engaged on a plate for subscribers for the ensuing year. The original picture of this is the typical English landscape, seen under typical English skies, "Cloudy June," by Mr. Ernest Waterlow, which was in the Royal Academy this spring.

It may be expected that the new tariff for the United States, which is the outcome of the McKinley Bill, will have a most wholesome effect on art—at any rate, on its commercial side. Hitherto the duty levied on paintings or other works of art consigned to America has been a large deterrent to holding exhibitions there and to the export of reproductions. It is fair to assume that greater familiarity with paintings, sculpture, and black and white will lead to purchases; therefore the artists of Europe have a fresh flag of encouragement. In future the great continent allows free ingress to "paintings in oil or water colour, original drawings and sketches, and artists' proofs of etchings and engravings, and statuary not otherwise provided for in this Act; but the term statuary, as herein used, shall be understood to include only professional productions in marble, stone, alabaster, wood, or metal of a statuary or sculptor; and the word painting, as used in this Act, shall not be understood to include such as are made wholly or in part by stencilling or other mechanical process."

France is more just to its women artists than to its women art students. The latter have not the privileges of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts as men have, and herein they are on a par with their sisters of England at the Royal Academy; but when, in spite of all drawbacks during their artistic novitiate, they reveal themselves artists, they receive some of art's honours. Rosa Bonheur was the first of her sex to be made a Knight of the Legion of Honour. That was twenty-nine years ago; this year she was promoted to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour; and now another lady is a Chevalière. This is Madame Demont-Breton, whose "Jean Bart" at the Old Salon this year was of such note that the number of votes recorded for the Médaille d'Honneur placed her within three or four of the highest. She had won all the medals previously that placed her among the *hors concours*.

The good people of Dresden are bewailing that £10,000 has been paid for a single picture for its Royal Gallery, when the price would have bought so many modern paintings! The painting is, "The Death of St. Clare," by Murillo, the finest of the series that Spanish master painted for the Franciscan Convent of Seville, and one of the ten which Marshal Soult carried off when the French invaded Spain. The late Earl of Dudley lent a picture to the Old Masters in 1871 as "The Virgin Covering the Body of Santa Clara with a Mantle brought from Heaven," but, for the moment, we cannot identify this as "The Death of St. Clare," which has left the Dudley collection for Dresden. When, in May 1853, the Murillos owned by King Louis Philippe were sold at Christie's, a "Death of St. Clara" fetched only £28, and the highest price reached for any one of the thirty-eight at auction was £1550 for "The Virgin and Infant Christ," bought by Mr. Colnaghi on behalf of the Duc de Montpensier. Was the Louis Philippe "Death of St. Clara" at £28 the one which has just changed hands at £10,000? It was at that sale "The Martyrdom of St. Rodrigues" by Murillo was bought at £210 by Mr. Graves for the Dresden Gallery.

The "Fair Women" exhibition remains open for some weeks longer. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Equally popular should be the Baby Show which the Grafton management have decided to arrange for next season. But if, as the catalogue of the present exhibition has it, "in the eyes of some one person, at least, almost every woman has been considered fair," in the opinion of every mother all her children are pretty. This being so, jealousy may arise when the directorate comes to making choice of portraits for the collection which is to be dubbed "Beautiful Children." The old masters will provide a store of loveliness, especially Sir Joshua Reynolds; but selection will be more difficult when contemporary painters are dealt with, and the rival attractions of little sitters to Sir John Millais, Mr. Llewellyn, Mrs. Waller, and other child-portraitists have to be weighed.

THE FRENCH MILTON.

BY ANDREW LANG.

As America, Australia, and, no doubt, other quarters of the globe have their "Australian" or "American Kiplings," who kipple, says a critic, with much assiduity, so France has her French Milton. The curious thing is that this poet, M. Chapelain, author of "La Pucelle; ou, La France Délivrée," came before Milton—at all events, the second edition of his work is dated 1656. At that period Milton, discouraged, doubtless, by Puritan indifference to art, had not produced his "Paradise Lost," which he reserved for the happier age of the Glorious Restoration. Chapelain, therefore, has the merit of priority. While a narrow and insular patriotism makes me prefer "Paradise Lost" to "La Pucelle," I conceive that a comparison of the two epics is vastly instructive. Each poet sat down, with malice aforethought, to write an epic, after the best manner of the ancients, and in accordance with Aristotle. Each had difficulty in choosing a topic. Chapelain tells us that many heroic themes appealed to him, and we know that Milton thought of King Arthur, among others. Each author conceived that he must introduce what is called "machinery," and each, very properly, employs "Christian machinery," as Chapelain says—that is, the sacred Persons of our own religion. Each makes use of these Persons, just as Homer and Virgil make use of gods and goddesses. All this is quite foreign to our ideas, for, if we have less faith, we have certainly more reverence, and also more sense of humour, than Milton and Chapelain enjoyed. If the French and the English poet had possessed a grain of humour, "Paradise Lost" and "La Pucelle" could never have been written. De Foe saw this, and pushed his one advantage very unfairly in his critique of "Mr. Milton." In brief, the same age gave to England and to France two epics, entirely traditional, entirely artificial, composed, from beginning to end, after models which were no longer capable of being copied without the most wildly incongruous results. But whereas Milton was a great poet, Chapelain was not a poet at all, as his witty countrymen remorselessly intimated to him. Each writer took himself with the same unblenching seriousness, each laboured with equal assiduity, and the results are very instructive.

Chapelain apologises, very learnedly, in prose, for having chosen a heroine instead of a hero, contrary to the practice of Homer and Virgil. But, after all, Dunois is the real hero, he says; the Maid is only the Pallas Athene of Dunois, who is the Achilles-Odysseus of the epic. Again, Chapelain has an allegory. Charles VII. is Will, La Pucelle is Grace, the English and Burgundians are bad passions of our nature; Agnès Sorel (who really was not on the scene in 1429) and Amaury (La Trémouille?) are bad passions of another kind; Dunois is Virtue. Thus the poem is as allegorical as the "Faëry Queene," as epical as the "Iliad," and the machinery is all that Aristotle, if he were a Christian, could demand.

The poem, of course, begins, "I sing of the Pucelle," and, instead of heathen Muses, the Angels are invoked to assist M. Chapelain. His patron, the Duc de Longueville, is next celebrated, and then we are introduced to Dunois, within beleaguered Orleans. Then we have a simile, as is proper, "even as an oak upon the Apennines," and so forth. Dunois now sees an omen of lightning, just as Homer's men do, and prays. Charles next, at Chinon, prays in a venerable hermitage—this change of scene is not quite according to the Rules. Moved by Charles's prayers, the Blessed Virgin (as Thetis in the "Iliad") appeals to the Deity (Zeus), who promises to send a Maid to rescue France. An angel (Hermes) is sent to stir up the Maid, who dwells in "the home of peace and repose, where never trumpet comes nor cry of hounds." This quiet place Chapelain nobly calls "*cet affreux séjour*"—nobody knows why. St. Michael alights at Domremy, quite unobserved, as a matter of fact, by anyone save Jeanne. But

The world, astonished, marks the angel fly,
And deems the sun has fallen from the sky.
All this occurs in February 1429, and the Maid sets out for Chinon, guarded by the angel. Here she recognises

Charles, and wins belief from all but the dotard Gillon, whoever he may be. The Maid strikes him senseless with a glance from her eye. Charles instantly orders a full suit of armour for the Maid, with a golden cock perched on her helmet! The arms are after those of Achilles, and there is a great sun on the shield. It is amusing to observe the paganism of Chapelain. Jeanne, however, refuses the monarch's blade, and sends to Fierbois for that of Charles Martel. This is the earliest indication known to me of the late tradition that the mystic glaive of Fierbois was the sword of the conqueror of the Saracens. Chapelain is not likely to have invented the story, but nothing at all is said about Charles Martel in

there at all, and the Maid chops the heads off Vindesore and Cecile—

Twins were they born to simultaneous breath,
And, at her sword, they taste a common death.
Around her blood in roaring torrents sweeps,
And fallen corpses lie about in heaps:
Raleigh is down, young Lussé slew the knight,
And Frobisher is banished from the light;
Gloucester and Drake no more her force may stand,
Nor Exeter, nor dauntless Cumberland,
Walsingham, Anderson, and Gloucester fall,
And Rudolph hurries at his sister's call.

Rudolph, apparently, is Pierre d'Arc. Was there ever such a mellay, and what are Raleigh, Drake, Walsingham, and Frobisher doing in this galley? There is plenty more

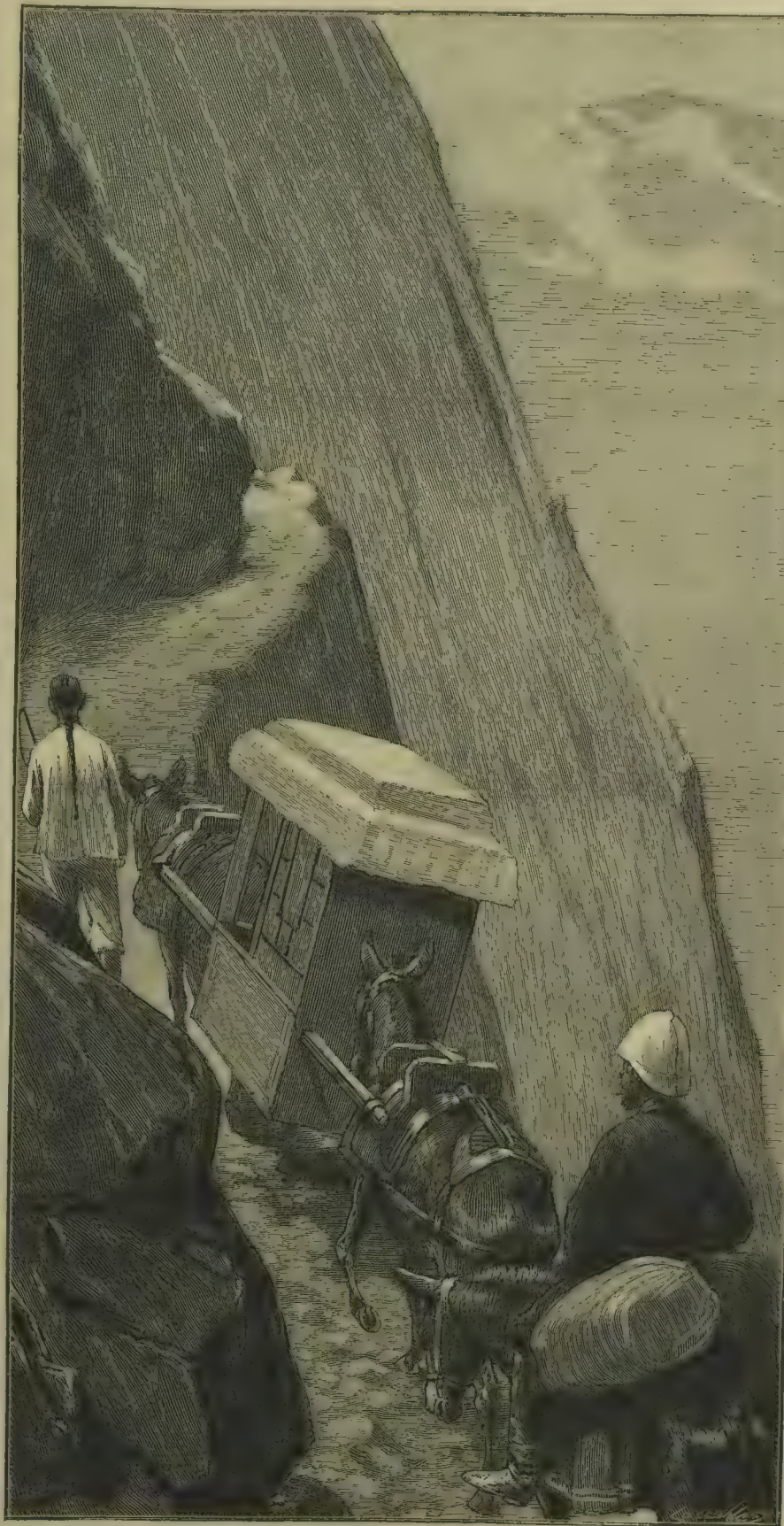
where all this comes from, but perhaps the reader has now had enough of Chapelain's muse. He would have brought in "Vilainton" at Orleans if the poet had really been the prophet. Enormously popular at first, the bubble of "La Pucelle" was very soon pricked, and Chapelain ceased to be admired by the contemporaries of Molière. It will be observed that he was only the French Milton for a year or two, and one may doubt whether any reader in this century has arrived at the astonishing "Christian machinery" of the siege of Compiègne. Yet it may be questioned whether the wits, his enemies, saw all the fun of Chapelain's prodigious absurdities.

THE RUSSIAN HEAVY MAIL TO CHINA.

The long route of overland travel from Irkutsk, in Siberia, to Peking, which our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, has described and illustrated by his sketches, passes from the southern shore of Lake Baikal to the frontier town of Kiakhta and to Maimatchin, in Tartary, thence over steep mountain ranges to Ourga, the capital of Mongolia and the seat of a great Buddhist ecclesiastical authority, and crosses the vast Gobi or Shamo Desert, in a south-easterly direction, to the Great Wall of China, within which it reaches Kalgan, the most important Chinese frontier town. It is traversed not only by pack-horses and camels, but also by carts and wagons in summer, and by sledges in winter, at the rate of thirty or forty miles a day, and is usually safe from marauders; the Russian mails, light and heavy, are not likely to be stopped, for great awe is felt by the Mongols of the Power which dominates Northern Asia. In ascending the mountain passes, especially after heavy rains and swollen torrents have made the rugged ground slippery, laden vehicles with their weary teams, or litters borne by mules, and the beasts of burden carrying weighty loads on their backs, endure such toilsome struggles as our Artist has shown in the present effective sketch.

Ancient British ethnology is an obscure but interesting topic of investigation, to which Mr. J. Gray, at the Oxford meeting of the British Association, contributed a paper on the "Distribution of the Picts in Britain, as Indicated by Place-Names." The Picti of North Britain and the Pictones or Pictavi of South Gaul are both mentioned by Roman writers. The evidence of place-names shows that probably the whole intervening country was at an earlier date occupied by the same race. Place-names in the British

Isles involving all forms of the root *pikat* have been classified under counties, and their densities calculated. Some of the conclusions arrived at are—that the density of the Picts was greatest in the south and midlands of England and in the east of Scotland, and least on the east coast of England and in Wales. In Ireland the density was only about one-sixth that in England. The Goidels, who followed the Picts, spread along the valleys of the Thames and Severn to the Mersey, where a part probably crossed to Meath and spread in two streams to the west coast of Ireland; the other part moved northward through Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, and advanced into Scotland almost to the Forth. A second incursion entered Scotland by Argyll and spread along the west counties to the extreme north. The pre-Pictish inhabitants were probably Iberians, and prevailed mostly in Ireland, South Wales, Cumberland, and South Scotland.



THE RUSSIAN HEAVY MAIL ON A MOUNTAIN PASS IN NORTH CHINA.

contemporary records. It is "a lucky cutlass," says Chapelain. The book closes with a description of sunset.

Meanwhile, Châteauroux goes to the "hideous shade" of "the venerable forest," where in "an ancient temple," and a "sacred grotto," he prays; the earth shakes, opens, and disgorges the cutlass! In point of fact, an armourer from Tours went for the weapon, which, the Maid says, lay at a little depth under the earth, behind the altar of the church at Fierbois. Chapelain, it will be observed, added "dignity" to the incident: epic poems were then written with a great deal of "dignity."

How characteristic it all is, how pompous, how supremely periwigged and delightfully full-bottomed! The Maid occupies, somehow, six days between Blois and Orleans, and kills "Glifford" with her own hand as soon as she arrives—the Maid who never slew anyone, and carried her own standard that she might not draw her sword. "Betford" comes out of his tent, though he was not

A CHINESE TORPEDO BOAT.

In the war between Japan and China, the incidents which have already taken place show that naval operations will have most important effects; and if the sea-going squadrons of war-ships maintain a tolerable equality of force in such battles as may be expected in the Yellow Sea, there will be a constant need of shore and harbour defences to guard the immensely extended coast of China, and the great estuaries and navigable rivers, with many populous commercial towns, against the enterprising Japanese attacks. For this reason it seems obvious that torpedo-boats, as well as gun-boats and floating batteries, will be required; some of the Chinese gun-boats, constructed in England, bearing names taken from the letters of the Greek alphabet, were lately described, and there is a flotilla of smaller gun-boats in the river of Canton. Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, seven years ago built for China the first of a class of torpedo-boats, one of which is represented in our Illustration. It is constructed of steel, 128 ft. long, has an extreme breadth of 13 ft., and carries a deck gun, in addition to the torpedo-tubes at the bows. This boat has a speed of 23 knots an hour, and can turn within a circle of 76 yards. The Chinese navy possesses also torpedo-cruisers, the *Kong-Bin* and the *Kong-Ii*, with relatively powerful engines, and carrying guns of the calibre of 12 and 15 centimetres, which would doubtless be useful in desultory naval warfare.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science concluded its Congress at Oxford on Wednesday, Aug. 15.



A CHINESE TORPEDO-BOAT.

The congress will meet next year at Ipswich, when Sir Douglas Galton will be president; and in 1896 at Liverpool.

The new buildings which have been erected for technical instruction by the Oxford Corporation, at a cost of about £5000, were opened on Aug. 14 by the Mayor, Alderman Gray. Sir Henry Acland, the Regius Professor of Medicine, said that nearly half a century ago Mr. Ruskin, when he was dangerously ill, handed him a folded-up cheque for £5000, to do whatever would help on a real art department in the University buildings. He sent it to a common friend of both to invest in the Bank of England, so that if Mr. Ruskin recovered he could decide whether it should be devoted for the purpose or not; and that was the foundation of the Ruskin School.

SKETCHES IN COREA

The limited opening, within a few years past, of that long sequestered East Asiatic kingdom to European intercourse has made a few traders, missionaries, and travellers acquainted with the seaports and with several towns of Corea, but little is yet generally known to us of the interior of the country. At Chemulpo, on the coast of the Yellow Sea, which is the principal resort of maritime traffic with China and Europe, and in the neighbouring city of Seoul, the capital of the kingdom, an English special missionary society has formed establishments, with a bishop and clergy, who have so far carried on their work of religious teaching under conditions as favourable as in China, and have not incurred such hostility as was shown in the murderous attack on the French Roman Catholic missionaries a quarter of a

century ago. By the efforts of Dr. Landis, in the town of Chemulpo, an evening school for Japanese children was set on foot, independently of the Church Mission, with beneficial results; and our Illustration of the assemblage of pupils will be regarded with interest. The Coreans, though not highly intelligent, are a docile, good-tempered, and mild-mannered people, of Mongol-Tartar race, especially the lower orders. The Bishop of Seoul, consecrated in 1889, is the Right Rev. C. J. Corfe, D.D., assisted by the Rev. M. N. Trollope, the Rev. H. H. Kelly, the Rev. Sidney Peake, and several other clergymen, including the Rev. J. H. Pownall at Chemulpo. Mr. Peake has compiled an English-Corean dictionary. Dr. J. Wiles, M.D., and Dr. E. B. Landis, M.D., are in charge of hospitals supported by the Hospital Naval Fund.



DR. LANDIS AND HIS SCHOOL AT CHEMULPO, COREA.





SACRIFICE TO CERES.

BY G. ECKHARDT.



DISTURBANCES IN MOROCCO: MOORISH SCOUTS.

A CELEBRATED FRENCH BATTLE-PAINTER.

M. DETAILLE IN HIS PARIS STUDIO.

In that most artistic quarter of Paris, the locale of the most celebrated artists of the younger generation of the French school, within a stone's-throw of the beautiful Parc Monceau, which is in itself inspiring to the man of artistic or poetic sentiment, there has risen an absolute colony of *ateliers* inhabited by men whose names have been ringing for some years past in the ears of the art-world, such prominent artists as the late M. Meissonier, Munkacsy, Gérôme, and others. These names, however, only serve to accentuate the character of the locality, for they are,



M. DETAILLE.

as it were, the planets around which revolve the smaller stars, and it is in no small degree a sign of their magnitude that around this locality, originally started by artists, there has gradually formed a fashionable region which has become the rendezvous of what is known as "*tout Paris*," the entry to the salons or the réunions of which is as difficult to obtain to the ordinary outsider as it was in the case of the Faubourg St. Germain in the days of the *vieille monarchie*.

Amongst the first and foremost of this group of celebrated young artists is a name well known not only to the French but also to the English art-world, that of a man who has devoted the greater part of his career to the portraying of French soldiers, past and present, whether at home or on the battlefield, or wherever the fortunes of war may lead them. The French Army has afforded M. Detaille an endless and ever-changing variety of subject for his facile brush and dexterous pencil, and a visit to his studio on the Boulevard

Malesherbès is, as it were, to recapitulate the pages of French history during the whole of the past century.

After the glare of the almost tropical sun on the boulevard it was quite a relief to find myself within the cool precincts of M. Detaille's spacious studio. I was received by a tall, slim man in the very prime of life, and looking the very picture of health. There was a certain air of the soldier about him which fully realised my preconceived ideas of what the painter of the many marvellous military pictures which have created so great an impression during the past ten years would be like. Whether it was his erect bearing, the ample moustache, almost cavalier-like in itself, or the closely fitting jacket, not unlike an undress uniform, which he wore, or the general aspect of the man, yet, whatever the cause, he certainly looked every inch a soldier. His reception was also thoroughly in keeping with his general appearance and the surroundings in which I found him. Quiet and formal as was his manner, I could not help feeling that to know the man would be to like him. I explained the object of my visit, and M. Detaille made no affectation of objection, but in the straightforward manner of a soldier invited me to be seated and, so to speak, to fire away. This was no easy task, for the walls of the studio were simply covered with framed photographs of the many pictures which he has painted during his comparatively short, though exceedingly busy and brilliant career, and I felt that every one of these pictures must have a history attached to it which would in itself be of interest;



LE DENIER DU PAUVRE.

but I had not come to make a biographical sketch of the man, but merely a superficial kind of interview.

Before commencing the usual stereotyped cross-examination, I asked and obtained his permission to make



IN THE STUDIO.



A FIELD MARSHAL OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

SKETCHES FROM M. DETAILLE'S STUDIO.

a more careful inspection of the interesting *milieu* in which I found myself. I was not long in realising the truth of the fact that nothing so quickly reveals the character of the man as the surroundings he has made for himself. If it is true that you can judge a man by his companions, how still more true is it in the case of his Lares and Penates? In the case of M. Detaille this is at once apparent. The studio in which I found myself was



NAPOLEON LE GRAND.

of large and imposing proportions, but, while amply furnished, was singularly destitute of the artistic paraphernalia usually considered necessary for the *ameublement* of the successful painter's *atelier*. The walls, covered with polished pine, without the slightest suspicion of drapery anywhere to break the formal lines, presented a somewhat cold and cheerless aspect, which was heightened by the systematic regularity with

up as a regular museum, and in the spacious glass cases of which I saw what is, I believe, considered the finest collection of military accoutrements—dating back from the latter part of the last century up to the present time—in the whole of France, every article being arranged and docketed with that method and care which is so characteristic of the man. One corner of the studio was occupied by a large platform, with movable steps attached to it, on which he mounts to paint the huge pictures which have gone so far to make his name familiar. In another a stuffed horse with military trappings gave a curious aspect to the place. With the exception of a couple of small chairs by the side of a writing-table there was no arrangement for making visitors comfortable. In fact, it would appear at first glance that M. Detaille did not like company, as he made so little provision for their comfort, and this may be the case. As a matter of fact, I had been told that he is not what is known as an easy man to “get at.” Not a speck of dust or a grain of dirt was to be seen anywhere, and one wondered how work could be done under such methodical conditions. There were only two small paintings visible, so my remarks had to be directed rather to his past than to anything I could see in progress before me.

“No,” replied M. Detaille, in response to my inquiry, “I have not yet begun my next year's picture. I seldom do make up my mind what it is to be until



NAPOLEON.

July. Although I may have the idea in my mind, I do not start making sketches for it until the conception has thoroughly ripened, as it were, within me, so that when I do commence I have the whole thing before me. This I have always considered to be better than commencing at once, and doing a lot of haphazard work.” “You have done a good deal during a very short career,” I remarked, for M. Detaille gives one the impression of being what is considered to be a comparatively young man. “I am not so young as you seem to think,” he replied, “for I was born in '48, and exhibited my first picture nearly twenty-seven years ago.” I must confess I was astonished, and more especially when I learnt that two years after his *début* he was *hors concours*, having won his two medals in this short time. On my examining the walls, M. Detaille pointed out to me many of the subjects now so familiar through the various photogravures which have helped to form his record of success, for from his first exhibited picture up to the one in the present year's Salon, every one has made a hit. M. Detaille is a painter of military life in the truest sense of the word, and has never deviated from the line he adopted a quarter of a century ago. That he is in love with his subject, and knows it thoroughly and *au fond*, is apparent to the most casual observer of his works, and I doubt if there is any

man alive who is more familiar than he with the details of military life.

“What gave you the idea of painting these warlike subjects?” I asked, as I stood gazing with renewed delight on a reproduction of his well-known picture “*En Reconnaissance*,” which made so great a hit when exhibited in the Salon of 1876. “Well,” replied the painter, “I



A FRATERNAL SALUTE.

believe I always had a *penchant* for the soldier and his surroundings. I was also fortunate enough to be one of the only three painters who were *élèves* of Meissonier.” “No,” he added, “I was never a pupil of the *Ecole de Beaux-Arts*, as the Academy style is hardly suited to my temperament. Although I really painted military subjects from the commencement of my career, it was the



SOUVENIR OF '48.

which a magnificent collection of military accoutrements and arms, which were everywhere to be seen, was appended in the spaces not occupied by the framed photographs of his works. Nothing was out of its place. Everything was seemingly arranged with mathematical regularity. It was certainly more like a military museum than an artist's studio; while leading out of the studio, and joining it with the house, was a gallery, which was fitted



ARBITRATION.

terrible events of the war of 1870 which practically determined me in the life which I have since followed. I served at the time in the Gardes Mobiles, and was present at some of the most sanguinary engagements around Paris.”

“And I suppose the terrible scenes you witnessed left an ineffaceable impression on your mind?” “They did indeed, though I felt that to paint war in all its grim reality

SKETCHES FROM M. DETAILLE'S STUDIO.



A SOUVENIR OF RUSSIA.



OFF DUTY.



M. DETAILLE AT WORK ON HIS PICTURE "VIVE L'EMPEREUR."



THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

SKETCHES FROM M. DETAILLE'S STUDIO.

would not be successful from a pictorial point of view, for war with its attendant horrors is not picturesque."

"Do you make use of photography at all?" I asked, for the marvellous manipulatory detail displayed in his work almost suggests that medium. "Never, for I absolutely detest it. It must give one deformed drawing, and certainly does away with all poetry. As a matter of fact," added M. Detaille, with characteristic energy of manner,

of production has doubtless much to do with this prejudicial state of affairs, for I feel convinced that every true artist will agree with me that it can do no good for art to walk, as it were, arm in arm with photography."

"Then I may take it," I observed, "that you thoroughly endorse what one of our leading English artists has remarked, that photography is a good friend but a very bad crutch?" "To a certain extent, yes. It may undoubtedly sometimes be an aid, but even then one ought merely to glance at the photographs and not copy them—in fact, simply use them as refreshers for one's memory. In spite of what is often advanced by experts of the camera, I feel convinced that photography, however much it may eventually be improved on—even if the secret of reproducing the colours of nature is ever discovered—can never in any way displace the work of the artist."

"The mention of artists reminds me, M. Detaille, that there is yet another question I should like to ask you: How about the rupture at the Salon? Do you think the two Salons as now existing will ever be reconciled?" "Well, I hope not," was his reply, with a smile, "for there is at present a division of the torrent of

production, so that the public are able, so to speak, to take their 'medicine as before,' in two doses, and this is an advantage."

"And then as to medals?"

"Well, I see no objection to them. It certainly stimulates a man to find out what is in his work."

"And might I ask your opinion of our modern English painting?"

"I think you have some good and very great artists in England, and I have the greatest admiration for the English school of painting, which has lost nothing by being *un peu mélangé* with the

French. On the contrary, in my opinion it has accentuated its original characteristics. With artists like Orchardson and Forbes,

THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS.

among a host of others, the English school can certainly hold its own."

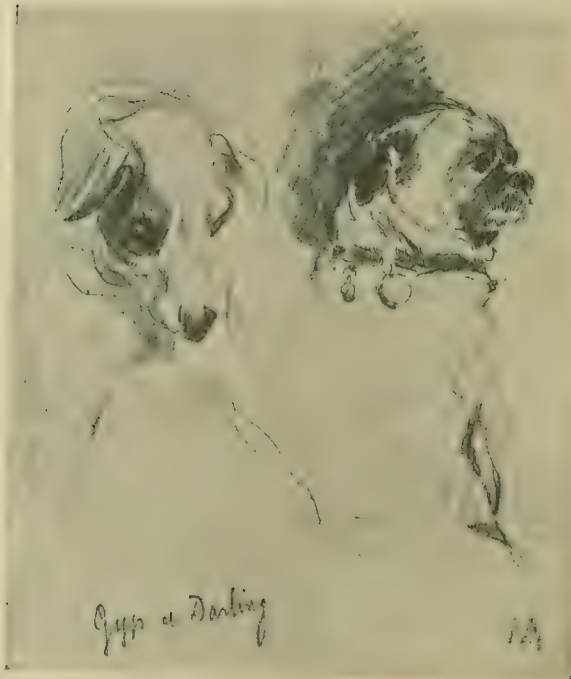
While talking thus we had made a tour of his studio, and I renewed my acquaintance with some of his well-known paintings. Such pictures as "En Reconnaissance," "L'Alert," "Huningues," and "Vive l'Empereur!" among the formidable array of pictures; the numerous studies for his celebrated panoramas, such as "Champigny," and the memorable work which he has compiled on the subject of the French Army, must have entailed so enormous an amount of labour

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF HIS EMINENCE.

that one wonders how he could yet have found time to throw into it all the true spirit of his genius, and convinced me that I was in the presence of one of the greatest—if not *the* greatest—military painters that the world has ever seen.

JULIUS M. PRICE

JULIUS M. PRICE.



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- Mon-Fin -
Edmond Betteille
Apr 1974.*



AGAINST THE RULES.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In common with thousands of my neighbours, I have been deeply interested in an announcement which Dr. Krueger, of the Kiel Central Bureau, telegraphed to the astronomical world a few days ago. The dispatch was one to the effect that a luminous spot had appeared on the planet Mars, the projection in question being of a nature calculated to arouse astronomical interest in a high degree. The observation, I note, was made by M. Javelle, of the Nice Observatory. He observed the luminosity on July 28 "at sixteen hours." What renders the observation of import is the fact that it is not to be explained apparently by reference to an outer source; in other words, it is a something which originates in Mars itself. It appeared in a region which was not under the sun's influence at the period of observation, and the account from which I quote adds, that, had the light come from an outside source, it might then have been due to a comet appearing in the same line of sight as Mars.

The point raised for discussion here is easily explained. Mars, as everybody knows, is of all the planets of our system likeliest the earth. It has its atmosphere, its winds, its storms, its land, its seas, its tides, and its ice-caps at the poles; therefore Mars, it is argued, may be the abode of living creatures and possibly of beings who, by analogy, may be regarded as intelligent, reasoning persons like ourselves. Astronomically, then, is it to be believed the Martians are signalling to the earth? This is not a new idea, romantic as it seems. If the light on Mars is of intelligent origin, that is, due to agencies other than purely physical ones, we are told that no better time for signalling the earth could have been chosen. Mars at the date of observation was a morning star, and its opposition, when its dark surface is invisible, was therefore far distant. If, therefore, the Martian councils resulted in a desire to signal to us, the time was well selected. Assuming, on the other hand, that the light had a purely accidental or physical origin, apart from intelligence and the signalling theory, then it is said Aurora may account for it, or that a big range of hills glistening with snow would explain the phenomenon. Alternatively, the conflagration of big forests on Mars might explain the light. Perhaps, in the future of astronomy, we may arrange for some definite response in the way of a gigantic electrical display being made from the earth at convenient seasons, in order to see if the Martians, in their turn, may signal back. It may be a dream of science to assume that a code of flash-signals might be instituted in this fashion; for this supposition presumes that the tenants of Mars are like ourselves, and gifted with perceptions and understandings like unto our own.

Lord Salisbury's address as President of the British Association has received almost universal approval for his treatment of moot points in chemistry and physics. His Lordship, however, was not quite so happy in his biological criticisms. Professor Huxley at once anticipated the obvious objections of biology to Lord Salisbury's strictures on "Natural Selection." If Darwin's factor in evolution could to-morrow be proved to be merely a myth, evolution as a great fact of life and nature, would not be affected in the least degree by the relegation of natural selection to the limbo reserved for the exploded ideas of mankind. People make a big mistake in confusing what biologists may assume to be the way of evolution's working for evolution itself; and into this error Lord Salisbury evidently fell. He was unfortunate, as well, in quoting Dr. Weismann as a witness to the futility of anybody conceiving what natural selection really is. Dr. Weismann's own ideas about heredity are not by any means universally accepted; and they are certainly so much within the domain of hypothesis themselves, that Lord Salisbury's quotation of them was simply the setting of one thing vaguely probable against another much more probable—that is, Darwin's own principle. So many persons confuse the theoretical factors of evolution with the process itself, that I feel tempted to place on record a caution against any such unwarrantable practice. People may (and will) fight about the causes or actions through which evolution is wrought out. That is matter of everyday experience. But no amount of criticism of the means can ever affect the solid fact that evolution is the great way of life, and of life's becomings everywhere.

Mr. R. M. Short, of Dundee, has forwarded to me an interesting series of sketches showing the details of a corridor train of first and third class sleeping carriages for the traffic between London and Scotland. My remarks on the necessity for third-class sleeping carriages induced Mr. Short to forward his sketches. He shows accommodation for eighty-two third-class passengers (a separate ladies' car being included in his list); his single first-class car has four rooms with one berth in each; and convenient lavatories, with an apartment for attendants, are also figured in his sketch. While fully appreciating the great amount of consideration required on the part of a railway company before such a service could be organised, I still say that an enormous increase of traffic awaits the railway which may be the first to institute comfortable night accommodation for its third-class passengers. It is only a matter of time, I presume, for third-class sleepers to be placed on the road, only it is eminently desirable that that time should prove to be nigh at hand. An innovation such as that I argue for would make traffic for itself and create a demand which could not but prove remunerative to the company which is enterprising enough to adopt it.

Dr. A. Haig, writing on an epidemic of suicide, is of opinion that such cases of self-destruction, occurring in seasonal waves as it were, are to be explained in the theory of mental depression affecting the functions of the kidneys, and tending towards an excess of uric acid in the blood. This causes high tension in the brain-circulation with consequent mental instability, leading to self-destruction. Curiously enough, between 6 a.m. and noon is the period when suicide most frequently occurs; it is then also that most uric acid is passing through the blood. These observations, which Dr. Haig is going to publish in full, show once again how inter-dependent are the mental and physical sides of our manifold nature.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2620 received from D. A. Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2625 from T. B. Miller (Wilkesbarre, Pa.); and C. Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2626 from I. Hogan (Kinnitty); of No. 2627 from R. Worters (Canterbury), Hereward, Nigel, J. Bailey (Newark), J. A. B., and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2628 received from E. H. G. T. Hughes (Athy), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. Coad, Shadforth, R. Worters (Canterbury), H. F. W. Lane (Stroud), Bruno Feist (Cologne), C. D. (Camberwell), W. P. Hind, T. G. (Ware), Hereward, Alpha, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Byrnes, G. Joicey, Martin F., C. E. Perugini, Sorrento, Albert Wolff, Edward J. Sharpe, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dr. F. St. Bluet, T. Roberts, W. Wright, Admiral Brandreth, J. Dixon, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. W. Scott (Newark), W. R. Baillem, M. Burke, H. B. Hurford, M. A. Eyre (Folkestone), H. S. Brandreth, Meursius (Brussels), J. Ross (Whitley), Ubique, W. Mackenzie, R. H. Brooks, L. Desanges, and A. H. B.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2627.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE.
1. B to B sq
2. K to Q 2nd
3. K to Q 3rd, dis ch, and mate.

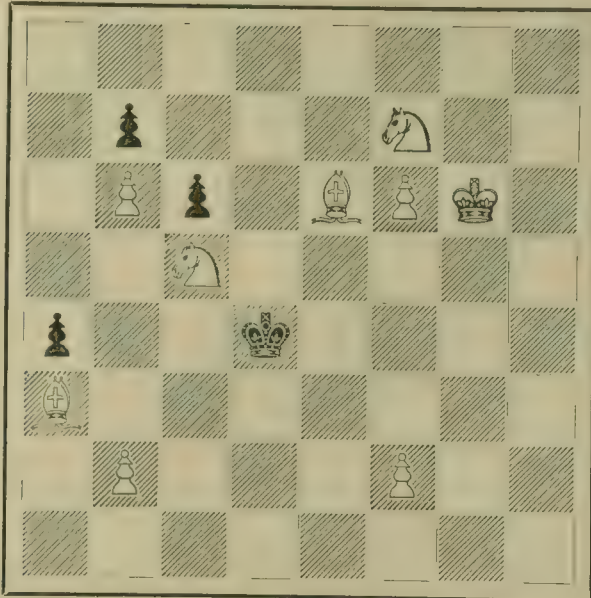
BLACK.
K takes Kt
K to B 5th

If Black play 1. Kt takes B; 2. B to Q 2nd, Kt moves; 3. Kt to B 5th, Mate. If 1. Kt to Kt 6th; 2. B takes Kt. And if 1. Any other, then 2. Kt to B 5th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2630.

By A. GUEST.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

The following game was played in the match between New South Wales and Victoria, the competitors being Mr. F. K. Esling, champion of Victoria, and Mr. E. N. Wallace, champion of Australasia. We take the score and notes from the *Australasian*.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Q R to K sq	B to Q 2nd
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	19. P to K R 3rd	P to Q R 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd		
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Castles	Kt takes P		
	Black can also play B to K 2nd.		
6. Kt to B 3rd			
	We do not remember seeing this move played before; P to Q 4th is the usual continuation.		
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt		
	Black could have played Kt to Q B 4th, but wanted to simplify the game.		
8. B takes Kt	Q P takes B		
9. Kt takes P	Castles		
10. P to Q 4th	P to K B 3rd		
11. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Kt 3rd		
	Played without sufficient consideration; B to B 4th was the correct move.		
12. P to K B 4th	B to Q Kt 2nd		
13. P to B 5th	Q to Q 4th		
	If, instead, P to B 4th, 14. Kt to B 4th, P takes P; 15. Kt to B 6th; Q to Q 4th; 16. Q to Kt 4th, R to B 2nd; 17. Kt takes P and wins.		
14. Q to Kt 4th	B to Q 3rd		
15. B to B 4th			
	B to R 6th leads to interesting complications.		
16. B takes B	Q R to K sq		
	We consider R to B 3rd preferable to the text move.		
17. Q to B 3rd	Q takes B		
	Apprehensive, no doubt, of Q to R 6th.		
18. Q to B 3rd	B to B sq		

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

Game played between two strong amateurs consulting against Mr. J. H. Blackburne.

WHITE (Amateurs)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Amateurs)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to K B 3rd	
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd		
4. Q to K 3rd	P to Kt 3rd		
5. B to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. Castles	Castles		
8. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th		
9. P takes P	B to Kt 5th		
10. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
11. B to Kt 3rd	K Kt takes P		
12. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt		

The result of the Tarrasch v. Walbrodt match was a severe blow to the admirers of the latter player, who proved himself quite incompetent to meet a real master in single combat. It is, however, an instructive commentary on the value of simultaneous play as a test of a player's skill that immediately after so decisive a defeat Herr Walbrodt achieved what, so far as we know, is the greatest feat yet done in that kind of chess by playing fifty-one simultaneous games, of which he won forty-two, lost five, and drew four. The Nuremberg audience before which this was done naturally gave the hero of the evening a hearty ovation.

The Emperor William inspected at Cowes, and ordered for experiment at Berlin, a new machine-gun, devised by the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Company, for service with cavalry. The gun, complete with tripod and ammunition, weighs 25 lb., while the gun itself, weighing 17 lb., can be easily carried by a single trooper. It can fire per minute 600 rounds of Government cordite cartridges, such as are used for the Lee-Metford rifle.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

My readers are aware that the new cycling dress for ladies, consisting essentially of a pair of full knickers and a more or less long tunic, has been largely adopted already. Since I informed you on the introduction of this costume, matters have proceeded apace, so that now the tailors' trade fashion-books have all given sketches of the costume in different varieties, and most of the leading houses of London are advertising their willingness to make it, and have model costumes on view. Sir B. W. Richardson, interviewed (in the August number of the *Young Woman*) on cycling for women, of which he has always been a great advocate, has given the approval of his authority to the new dress. "I like it," says the eminent physician; "the great advantage is that it lessens labour. The ordinary ladies' costume is altogether bad. It confines the limbs, makes mounting and dismounting difficult, and is particularly objectionable in windy weather, when the wind fills the skirts like a ship's sails, and greatly hinders progress. It is a marvel to me how women manage to climb hills in face of the wind in such a dress; it must double and treble the work." But the *Lady's Pictorial* is responsible for the statement that a member of Parliament is going to bring in a Bill to make it a legal offence for ladies to wear the "rational" costume.

The days of sumptuary laws are, I think, over. Queen Elizabeth used to pass that sort of law with a light heart. She thought it only right and proper that the state as regards marriage and the rank and occupation in life of girls and women should be known at a glance, and that a common man should never be possibly mistaken for a gentleman. Accordingly, in 1574, she issued orders that all persons of both sexes should wear clothes of a pattern to be determined by her royal proclamation, and forthwith made a catalogue of garments for marking off visibly the ranks and conditions of her subjects. At another time, she ordered that all persons should wear woollen caps out of doors, "except maids, ladies and gentlewomen"—the last two headings, of course, referring to rank and money. But many things have changed since Queen Elizabeth's day. Perhaps it is not altogether for the better; the decay of so suitable and so really artistic a garment as the agricultural labourers' smock-frock, with its pretty embroideries and its easiness to cleanse from soil, is a sad pity. Still, the change to personal freedom in dress has come, and it is surely hardly possible that men in Parliament assembled will try to dictate to women exactly how long their skirts shall be. If they did, it would assuredly produce the consequences usual in martyrdom—of increasing the attention given to the matter, and thus adding to its supporters and adherents. But I cannot credit that any M.P. is going to be so silly. Bathing dress, from a floating sack, has become a dual garment, and riding-habits, from falling near the horses' hoofs, have grown so short as to show the ankles, without any laws, and no doubt women will be left to decide about their own dress for other sports, without "grandfatherly" interference from Parliament. If thoroughly respectable women determine to wear this dress, and the men of their families sanction and abet them in doing so—and this is the case—the public will soon regard it calmly.

Miss Frances Willard, the famous American woman temperance leader, who has the same faculty of arousing singularly passionate personal devotion among those who follow her leadership that Mr. Gladstone possessed, was the daughter of a noble mother, of whom Miss Willard has just published a memoir. It is prefaced by an introduction, written in her usual thoughtful and original style by Lady Henry Somerset, who observes that the study of what constitutes a good mother has not yet been sufficiently attended to, while it is so important a question, the mother being to her offspring "in the relation of an embodied fate," that any facts bearing on it must be of great importance. Mrs. Willard reared but three children, but each was in a way distinguished. Her own life was one of those obscure, home-centred, self-suppressing existences of which generally nothing is heard by the outer world, and yet on which the ever-rising edifice of human improvement is carried a storey higher generation after generation, like the building of a coral island. The life was in some ways singular and remarkable (as what life is not?), for she was a cultivated woman and for fifteen years was a school-teacher; yet she married a young man who was what we should call a shopman, and presently spent several years in hard bodily work as a farmer's wife. The young husband, though fairly well educated before his marriage, felt his deficiencies in some respects; and this remarkable young couple had the courage and resolution to save money for the purpose of removing to Oberlin, in order that they might continue their education at the University of the town. The husband hoped to prepare himself for the ministry, and the wife "studied and recited in college classes as home duties would allow." But she never allowed this to interfere with her care for her children; so devoted to them was she that she never left them for a night, and her own sister once said to her, "Mary, you are as precious in the sight of God as your little boy is." Yet, it is added, "none saw more clearly than she that the best service a mother can do her children is to keep the standard of her own life at its highest, to be always in advance of them, and able to 'point to brighter worlds and lead the way.'" But then the husband's health broke down, studies had to be resigned, and this intellectual, educated, and (in the best way) ambitious woman went with her family to the wilds of Wisconsin, far away from any suitable companionship, and for some years worked as a farmer's wife, often without any domestic help. Yet when their children were grown up, the parents managed to return to a city, so as to give the children higher education. This was truly a varied and strange career, calculated to give originality to the thought and self-command and self-sacrificing power and enterprise to the character of the mother, and so to help her to train and encourage similar qualities in her children. This, in fact, Mrs. Willard did: her son became the editor of a leading newspaper, and her daughter has won a world-wide love and recognition, in the light of which it is interesting to learn how much she has owed to the wisdom and support of her mother.

PURVEYORS UNDER ROYAL WARRANT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The finest tribute ever accorded to sterling merit is contained in the "Lancet," of Aug. 8, 1891, which embodies the Report of the "Lancet" Special Commissioner on Natural Mineral Waters; **JOHANNIS**—the subject of the Report—being selected from amongst the Natural Mineral Waters of the World as **WORTHY OF THIS DISTINCTION.**

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THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION.

Old and crooked are the streets of Antwerp, whither all the world is now flocking. Jutting cornices, protruding blocks and pulleys, ornament the old weather-stained warehouses. Unequal and jolting are the winding passages, loud with the yelp of rough-haired dogs and the clatter of wooden shoes. You get glimpses, deep and unexpected, of old convent gardens, with classically trimmed, square-cut green yew-trees; weather-stained churches and cathedrals, with the paintings of the beautiful bodies of Rubens and the lights and shades of Rembrandt—

They sit there in the shadow and shine
In the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design,
Like those of Rembrandt on the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

There are two places prominent in comfort and reputation to stay at in Antwerp. First, the Hôtel St. Antoine, with its pleasant tiled courtyard, fragrant with summer roses—although the director, Mr. Wuyts, is wringing his hands in his inability to accommodate one half of his visitors—and the Grand Hotel, which rejoices in excellent attendance, a lift, and a most intelligent and courteous proprietor. As a word of advice in time is useful, note to order your apartments at least several days in advance, or you will not find room.

At the Exhibition one should not miss the old hall of Hatfield House, full of memories of the time of Elizabeth. The wood carvings are marvellous, the silver ornaments and jars are unique—the whole being got up by the firm of Hampton and Sons. Price's Patent Candle Company have the most beautiful show-case in the Exhibition, in which the dazzling white colour of the artistically moulded bust of the Queen, flanked by four statues of Liberty, attracts the eye and instructs the mind.

Close to this trophy you can hear the rattle and click of typewriters "North," where numbers of industrious young ladies exert their nimble fingers as beautifully printed pages issue with lightning rapidity from their machines. What Alexandre Dumas called "la ligno"—the harmonious contour—strikes you at once in this machine as it stands, a little Parthenon, with its tapering column-like bars and the symmetrically graduated steps of the ascending keyboard. I have tried all sorts of machines, and practical experience has taught me that the ideal machine must be strong, compact, and durable, and at the same time be capable of being worked at a continuous high rate of speed; the keyboard must be simple, the writing visible, and any width of paper taken; there must be convenient mechanism, easy manifolding, and reduction of noise. On these suggestions the "North" machine has been constructed, and the beautiful nickel-plated machine made for the King of the Belgians speaks volumes for the excellence of the workmanship and the ability of the manager, Mr. A. G. Comrie.

Over in the French section I notice a well arranged trophy of light-coloured beer barrels prettily entwined with vine-leaves and moss—the Brasserie Nationale and Malterie

Gallia of St. Etienne. The consumption of beer in France is becoming enormous, and erroneously it is supposed that the German beers are the best. This is not the case, as the modern improvements of the French brewers, and the Brasserie and Malterie of St. Etienne in particular, the centre of the barley-producing country, can safely compete with any foreign beers, salicilyzed for transportation, and thereby deteriorated. The production of 145,000 hectolitres yearly vouches for the importance of their trade.

In wandering through the gardens I was struck by the solidity and elegance of the concrete bridge leading to the Congo Village, and built by the North Portland Cement Works. The use of concrete as a substitute for masonry has made a good deal of progress during the last few years. Thirty years ago it was almost confined to foundations; engineers who used it for retaining walls were thought venturesome, and there were few who considered it a suitable material for the construction of arches. In this particular bridge when the trusses supporting the centreing were removed, though careful observations were made, no settlement could be detected, and it seems evident that concrete will be employed for arches of much greater span than any that have yet been made.

The fine trophy of the nitrate industry, flanked by four golden condors with outstretched wings, and surmounted by the Chilian escutcheon and star held by Ceres, the beautiful goddess of plenty, brings my thoughts to the greatest problem of the day, the fructification of land in the endeavour to increase the fertility of the exhausted soil, owing to the ever-increasing demands of the all-absorbing population.

The results achieved by nitrate-of soda in this connection are marvellous. Cabbages treated by this manure acquire the gigantic proportions of the traveller's fairy tale; potatoes, grain, barley, corn, beetroot, shoot up to such a degree—as witness the photographs—such as I have only seen equalled in my youthful days when Jack climbed up the beanstalk.

The 800 tons of nitrate exported in 1830 from Chili have grown in 1890 to 1,050,000, and this white, flaky, sugary substance, such as we see it in its refined state in the bowls exhibited for that purpose, was consumed in Germany alone in the year 1890 to the extent of 365,000 tons; in France 205,000 and Belgium 95,000; and in other countries 165,000; making up the grand and magnificent total as afore stated.

The nitrate industry is controlled by the permanent Nitrate Committee, as representative combination of the nitrate-producers. Its object is not to trade, but to look after in its fostering care the general interests of the nitrate industry, and to regulate the production and dissemination of the product. When we say that Colonel North is chairman of this undertaking we consider it needless to insist upon its success. The committee is represented here by Mr. Wilhelm Bertrand. It has its principal seat in London, with branches at Berlin and a prospective one in France. The pamphlets in all languages for distribution among people employed in agricultural production generally

are highly interesting, even for a layman; and in horticulture and market-garden produce its acknowledged efficiency is steadily gaining ground for it. The *édition de luxe*, in red morocco and gold, a copy of which is about to be presented to several distinguished personages, is a lasting memento of the nitrate industry; and we consider that Colonel North, who started life as a simple ship engineer, has, in the development of the nitrate industry alone, acquired a claim on the everlasting gratitude of the world at large.

TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Brighton Railway Company announce the first of their Monday special trips from London and the suburbs round the Isle of Wight to take place on Monday, Aug. 27, and on this occasion they will convey passengers at cheap third class fares, by special trains leaving Victoria Station at 7.5 a.m. (calling at Clapham Junction, West Croydon, Waddon, Wallington, and Sutton), from London Bridge 7 a.m. (calling at all stations to South Croydon inclusive), for Portsmouth Harbour Station, in connection with a steamer leaving the Station Pier, for a trip round the Isle of Wight, immediately on arrival of the special trains, and returning in time for the return journey of the special trains from Portsmouth Harbour Station.

These excursions from Portsmouth down the Solent and round the island are exceedingly popular, enabling passengers to view the marine residence of the Queen at Osborne, Alum Bay, the Needles, with the beautiful scenery of the Undercliff, Ventnor, Shanklin, Sandown, &c.

Refreshments will be provided on board the steamer at moderate charges.

For the Dieppe races on Aug. 24, 26, 28, and 30 the Brighton Company announce special cheap return tickets from London, &c., to Dieppe on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Aug. 23 to 29 inclusive, available for return any day up to and including Friday, Aug. 31.

They have also arranged for another of their special cheap fourteen-day excursions from London, &c., to Paris by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, on Saturday, Sept. 1, by the special day express service and also by the fixed night express service on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 31 and Sept. 1, 2, and 3.

Mr. Branccker, Chairman of the Mersey Dock Board, has, in commemoration of his golden wedding, distributed two thousand pounds to the Liverpool charitable and educational institutions.

A local festival in aid of the funds of the Hawarden Institute, during three days ending Thursday, Aug. 16, drew large numbers of visitors, who doubtless sought to pay their respects to Mr. Gladstone. Fifteen hundred came by a special excursion arrangement from Devonshire; to these, speaking from the garden terrace of Hawarden Castle, the right honourable gentleman made a brief yet cordial speech.

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1894

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New Double-Heart and Ribbon Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.

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New Tie Brooch, containing 44 Diamonds, £5 5s.

New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger sizes, £12 15s., £15 15s., £25 10s., and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.

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CORAL FISHING AND TRADE.

Italian naval officers of some years' standing still remember that among the annual draft certain young men were conspicuous for their stalwart aspect. These men had a peculiar characteristic, common with other seamen, and it was that their hands had such a horny palm that it was almost impossible for them to close their fist. Whenever he beheld this, it was sufficient for any experienced first lieutenant to jump to the conclusion, "I see, my man, you are a 'corallino,'" which was as good as saying an indifferent man for work aloft, but a capital fellow in the boats and for hard service in general. The "corallini" occupy the first step in the ladder of the coral industry. Their work is severe in the extreme, as fishing, or rather dredging, for coral is carried on in open boats, along the coasts of Southern Sicily, Western Sardinia, Algeria, and Cap de Verde (western coast of Africa). The shipowners are also merchants, and, since the price of rough coral oscillates greatly, varying from a low minimum to a high maximum, they are generally very hard masters. The victuals provided for their crews are of an almost vile description; the men are not paid by the month, as in all other marine professions, but for the whole of a fishing campaign. As they must leave some money behind them for their families, the promised sum is curtailed by shameless usurers, who discount it at a heavy rate of interest because, in the case of the debtor's death, they run the risk of complete loss.

The seaports whence the boats are sent to the fishing-grounds were, some years ago, Santa Margherita Ligure, on the Riviera; Alghero, in Sardinia; Torre del Greco, in the Bay of Naples; and Trapani, in Sicily. The most important place of resort was La Calle, on the Algerian coast. Now things have changed a great deal. Santa Margherita has not a single boat, Alghero but few, and Torre del Greco as well as Trapani no longer attend to the coral trade as of old. In general terms the coral trade is on the decrease. We can show this by the help of some figures. In 1875 Alghero maintained 190 vessels, manned by 1930 men and boys; and the coral fishery was represented by 560 boats, with an aggregate of 5957 tons. In the statistical returns of 1890 we find only sixty-four boats, aggregating 262 tons, and the coral extracted from the sea by them and worked in the factory for home consumption and exportation amounted to 84,590 kilos; fetching an average price of 180 lire the kilo, which was a great decrease from the year 1883, when worked coral rose to 116,571 kilos, worth about 600 lire per kilo.

In order to show what fluctuations of price coral is subject to, it should be said that in 1867 raw coral was paid by the coral merchants at the rate of 60 lire the English pound, or 120 the kilo, while now raw coral fetches 40 lire the kilo. The variation in prices naturally arises in some measure from the variations in the quality of the coral, but also from special circumstances caused by the markets of distant countries, the sale for coral in Europe being much smaller than elsewhere. The fishermen, on their

part, have attained a degree of shrewdness and over-reaching that is quite remarkable. If they are successful in finding a branch of the much-coveted pale-rose coral—they will not dispose of it alone, but make it the medium for getting rid of their whole and often much inferior stock, covenanting that the purchaser shall take the lot at a fixed sum. Consequently, the buying of coral becomes, for the dealer, a mere lottery. Indeed, until the bark (as it is technically termed) of a coral branch is removed, he cannot even know what is the condition of the article he has bought. Much of it may be rotten or worm-eaten, so that little of solid and useful character for working up may be left. This lottery-like condition of the trade explains the low wages and small pittance awarded to coral fishermen, and also the decline in the trade.

The boats sent out on this fishing are solid and well adapted for the purpose. They are lateen-rigged, with a jib or staysail at the fore. The stern is reserved for the capstan and the crew, the forepart for the master, or "patrone." The lines, wood and iron, employed in coral-fishing, are called "l'ingegno"—that is, the engine. It consists of a cross of wood formed of two bars, strongly lashed or bolted together at the centre; below this a big stone is attached which bears the lines, arranged in the form of a sack. These lines have great meshes loosely knotted together. Each apparatus contains thirty sacks or swabs; they are intended to grapple all they come in contact with at the bottom of the sea. As coral grows and develops at the summit of rocks, where it forms itself into banks, the swab attaches itself to these rocks, in order to tear up the precious harvest. This primitive system, that has held its own since mediæval times, is one of the causes of the depression in the trade. It prevents reproduction, as, in this reckless tearing-up of everything that comes into their way the young branches are ruthlessly destroyed and reproduction checked. This explains how, under date December 1888, the Italian Government prohibited the fishing on the Siracca coral bank. This coral bank deserves a word of notice. In the middle of May 1875, a fisherman casually discovered in the waters of Siracca (Sicily) a coral bank which proved to contain coral of a very superior quality. The poor ignorant creature rowed to the shore and told everyone the great news, not knowing how to derive personal advantage from his discovery. He collected half-penny by halfpenny from the fishing-boats that hastened to the bank the paltry sum of 200 lire. The run of boats from Torre del Greco and Porto Empedocle to secure this fishing ground was so great that frays ensued, and the *Vedetta* man-of-war was detached from the squadron and stationed there to keep the peace among the fishermen quarrelling over their rich spoils.

To bring home the coral is a work of untold labour. The hardy seamen, half-naked, and exposed to the scorching sun, work the capstan for hours and hours, running and encouraging each other with one of those improvised psalmodes so dear to mariners, where the names of the patron saints revered by seamen are intermixed with profane ditties. At last the "ingegno" is brought home, tearing blocks of rocks along with it. The cross-bars are

now laid on the bulwark, and the crew is set to work to collect the result. The coral branches are set aside and divested of shells and any other heterogeneous matter that may adhere to them, cleansed, and stowed away in the hold. At the end of the six months' cruise they are brought to Messina, Naples, Leghorn, and Genoa, the centres of the manufacturing and export trade. Coral is, after pearls, the most beautiful and most precious product of the sea. Large, perfect, well-shaped beads are by far the most approved form of coral. The finest are sent to China for the mandarins' buttons of rank, worn on the top of their caps. A large part of the raw article is worn out or wasted in the process of grinding, filing, drilling, and polishing, a work carried on by women at Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples. Some part of the work is done in the factories; some at the workers' own homes.

Some seventy years ago in Italy the peasant women were in the habit of wearing on their wedding day a "vezzo di corallo" (coral necklace), presented to them by their bridegroom, and they would have thought themselves positively disgraced if he had failed to make the customary gift. Now the habit is almost obsolete, for cheap and tawdry jewellery of foreign make has taken the place of the rich and becoming bridal ornament so suited to the dark Italian skins. The loss of this custom has also told disadvantageously on the coral trade. Black coral is turned into mouthpieces for cigars or fashioned into mourning jewellery. Irregular bits of coral drilled and strung in long threads make a very effective and becoming ornament for evening toilettes, and are sold in Italy at an absurdly low price. Pink coral oval beads set with diamonds are much affected by blonde beauties in North Italy, while little red coral horns attached to the watch-chain are very commonly worn by men and women throughout Italy, but more particularly in the superstitious South. These horns are supposed to keep off the "jettatura," or evil eye, in which almost every Italian, even of the educated classes, believes more or less firmly. Thus, in one fashion or another, there is still a demand for coral.

It is the fall of price in coral that has contributed to its unpopularity among the countryfolk. Once upon a time all their economies were invested in this material, which they looked on as a much better investment than Consols or any other bonds. Now even the countryfolk in the remotest parts of Italy have learnt that a savings bank is a much surer place. The times are gone by when a peasant-girl would jilt her lover for a new one who could offer her a finer necklace of coral. Abroad—especially in the East Indies, China, and Japan, the fall in the price of coral has had a better result. It was the cause of an increase in the importation, since coral ousted from the market the beads of Venetian and German manufacture that had hitherto been bought in those markets. Corals are chiefly worked by women, mostly young; a few elderly women direct the workshops. The average wages are 1 f. 20 c. a day, but an apprentice gets not more than 70 c. It is pleasant to learn that the work does not impair the health: some doctors even say that it exerts a beneficial influence.

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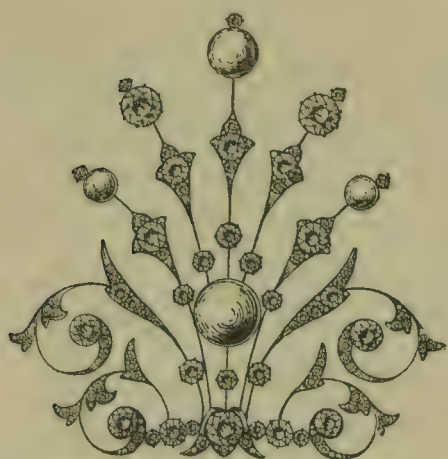
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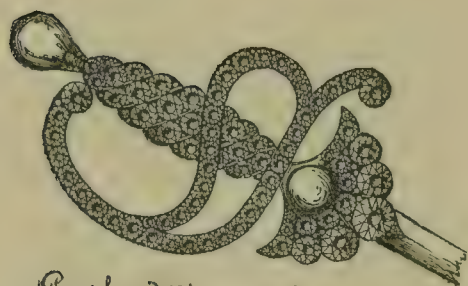
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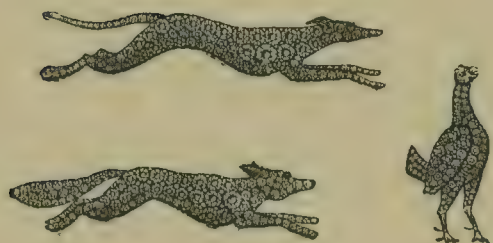
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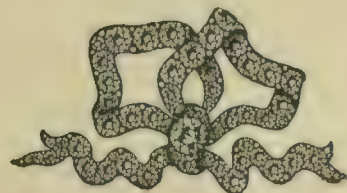
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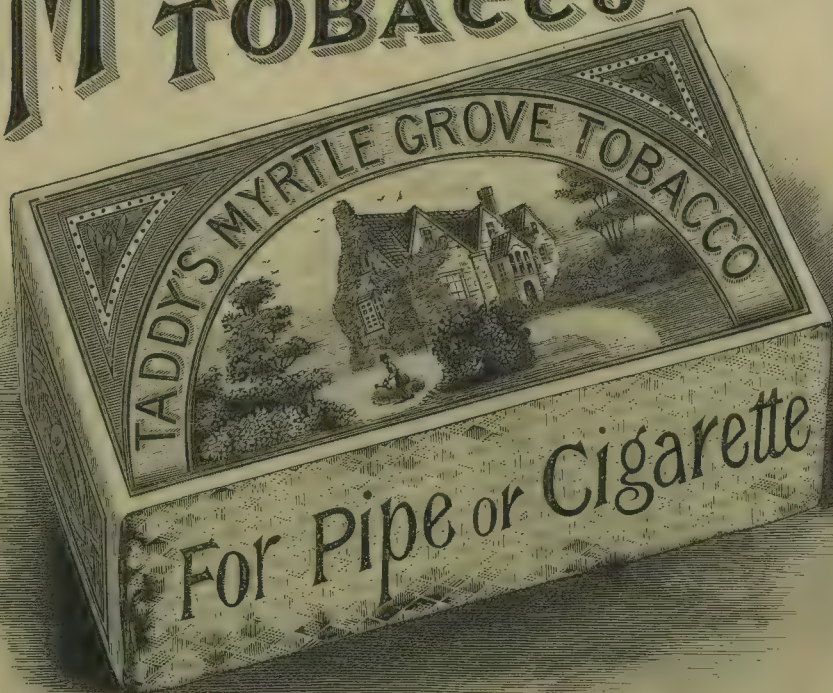


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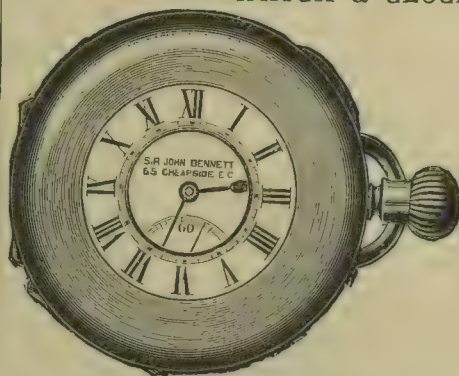


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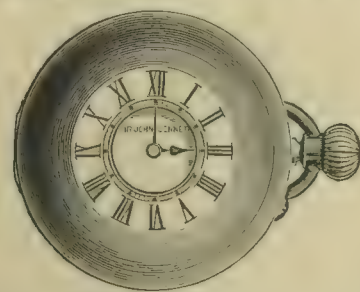


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated March 7, 1890), with seven codicils, of Mr. Robert Warren, D.L., of 7, North Frederick Street, and 40, Rutland Square, Dublin, and of Wyvern Killiney, County Dublin, who died on April 19, granted to Graves Swan Warren, the brother, Robert Somerville Warren and Percival Warren, the nephews, and William Whitton, the executors, was resealed in London on Aug. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £43,000. The testator leaves £100 each to the Incurables, King's, Dr. Stevens' and Simpson's Hospitals, the Widows' Almshouses, and Swift's Lunatic Asylum, all of Dublin; his property at Bray and Ballydonaren, County Wicklow, to his brother the Rev. Samuel Percival Warren, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male; £500 to his cousin Sir Ralph Smith Cusick, D.L.; £400 to his executor, Mr. Whitton; an annuity of £150 to his cousin Susanna Taylor; an annuity of £100 to Judith Mary Daly; certain house property in Dublin which he has power to appoint under his marriage settlement to his nephew Robert Somerville Warren; an annuity of £270 to Emily Elizabeth Henrietta Warren for life, and then to her issue as she shall appoint; in addition to the annuities of £300 and £36 secured by deeds to Elizabeth Sarah Yorke, for life; and then to the said Emily Elizabeth Henrietta Warren, for life; £2000 to the last named on her marriage, to be strictly settled on her; and many other legacies and annuities. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his brother, the Rev. Samuel Percival Warren, for life, and then for the said Robert Somerville Warren, he paying £2000 to his brother Percival and £1000 each to his sisters.

The will (dated May 6, 1891), with a codicil (dated July 6, 1894), of Mr. James William Ballantine Dykes, formerly of the Madras Civil Service, late of 72, Cadogan Place, and Carnstradden House, near Luss, Dumbartonshire, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 7 by Frederick Willis Farrer and Henry Lefevre Farrer, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and the duty thereon, to the official trustees of charitable funds upon trust, to invest same, and to apply the income in paying for the ringing of the chime of bells which he presented to the parish church of Bridekirk, Cumberland, and in keeping same in repair; £1000 to his nephew, Major-General Desmond Dykes Tynte O'Callaghan; any moneys he may have come into by the death of his sister, Frances Ballantine Ormerod, to go with the settled family estates under a settlement to be executed by his nephew, Lamplugh Frechville Ballantine Dykes; a gold rose chain to Edith Ballantine Dykes, the wife of his last named nephew, for life, and then to go with the settled family estates; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his sisters Frances Ballantine Ormerod and Susan Ballantine Moncrieff; and upon the death of the

survivor of them, such residue is to go with the said settled family estates. If his nephew does not execute a settlement of such estates, then he gives the gold rose chain to Edith Ballantine Dykes absolutely; and the residue of his property, on the death of the survivor of his sisters, and any money that may have come to him from his sister, to his next of kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects.

The will (dated March 14, 1894) of Mr. Jacob Mason Bird, of Downham Market, Norfolk, miller, who died on April 25, was proved on Aug. 11 by Frederick Augustus Bird and Arthur Benjamin Bird, the sons, and Walter John Hayden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator makes provision for his daughters, Mrs. Theresa Cross, Mrs. Louisa Price, and Miss Lizzie Bird, and for the two children of his late son Ernest, and there are one or two legacies. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his two sons, Frederick and Arthur Benjamin, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1881), with three codicils (dated Dec. 23, 1882; Feb. 25, 1884; and March 5, 1891), of Mr. Jabez Barnard, of 183, Great Portland Street and Chase Side Villa, Winchmore Hill, wholesale colourman, who died on April 28, was proved on Aug. 4 by Joseph Thurgood and Thomas Claude Fairhead, the grandson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and all the household furniture and effects at his dwelling-house to his wife Mrs. Mary Barnard; £100 per annum each to his daughters Mrs. Nancy Fairhead and Mrs. Mary Thurgood during the life of his wife; £500 each to his grandchildren; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, then to his said two daughters, in equal shares, for their respective lives, and on the death of either of them her share of the income is to be paid to her children. On the death of the survivor of his daughters, the residue is to be divided between all his grandchildren in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1890), with a codicil (dated May 8, 1893), of the Rev. William John Bowden, of Brooklands, Lime Grove, New Malden, Surrey, who died on July 15 at Eastbourne, was proved on Aug. 13 by John Knill, Edward St. John, and John Greetham Metcalfe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testator bequeaths his chalice and paten for the use of the church, the Star of the East, at Greenwich; his first folio of Shakspeare, if in his possession at his death, and his oil painting known as "Pietà," reputed to have been painted by Domenichino to the oratory of St. Peter Peri, Birmingham; the remainder of his Shaksperian books and manuscripts to his executor, Mr. Knill; £5000 each to his friends Captain William George Balfour Western and Major John Camberlye Cantley, both of the Royal West Kent Regiment; £100 each to his executors; and some articles to a niece. The residue of his property

he leaves, upon trust, for the Birmingham Oratory, to be disposed of as the congregation shall determine.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1885), of Vice-Admiral John William Dorville, of Higheroff, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, who died on June 24, was proved on Aug. 13 by William Hill Dawson and the Rev. Henry Stephen Gorham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £500 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; and £1000 and all his freehold and copyhold property in King Street West, Hammersmith, to his sister, Martha Rolls. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his said sister, for life, and then for Anna Hutchinson Smith and Clara Dorville Graham, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 10, 1892), of Miss Emma Laura Annie Brownrigg, of 33, Eaton Terrace, who died on June 22, was proved on Aug. 2 by Sir Henry Moore Brownrigg, Bart., the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her money invested in Victoria Government bonds to her nephew William Walter Whitmore; £200 to her nephew Charles Algernon Whitmore; £300 to her nephew Edmund Henry Whitmore; and £400 and certain furniture to her maid, Elizabeth Ann Howell, if in her service at her death. The residue of her property whatsoever she gives to her brother, Sir H. M. Brownrigg.

The will of the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Venables Vernon, of 1, Widcombe Crescent, Bath, who died on July 17, was proved on Aug. 1 by the Rev. Edmund Juxon-Whittaker, the executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £6000.

Statistics just published show that the number of foreigners in Paris who have, in conformity with the Decree of October, 1888, and the Law of August, 1893, made the declaration of residence, is 293,788. Of that total, 75,426 are Belgians, 49,188 Germans, 44,782 Italians, 42,000 Swiss, and 22,800 Luxemburgers.

A very amiable and sufficiently exalted royal lady, Queen Margharita of Italy, while sojourning at Gressoney, has been ascending to considerable heights of the Alpine region near Monte Rosa, so inviting to behold from the plains of Piedmont. On the Holiectst, a mountain 10,000 ft. high, a cottage or hut is being erected for her Majesty's accommodation this autumn.

The North Polar exploring expedition of Mr. Walter Wellman, the New York journalist—accompanied by Professor Owen French, of the United States Government Survey Service; Dr. T. R. Mohun; Mr. C. C. Dodge, photographic artist; and Mr. Almy, the meteorologist—has got back to Norway, happily, without loss of life, although, on May 28, their steamer, the *Ragnvald Jarl*, was crushed by the ice near the 81st parallel of North latitude, to the north of Spitzbergen.



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M O N T E C A R L O .

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazou and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Desclamps-Jéhin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Sonambule," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mdlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, leaving London Bridge at 9 a.m., calling at East Croydon; Victoria 9 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m. (First and Second Class only).

Special Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria at 8.30 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m., on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 31 to Sept. 3.

Returning from Paris 9 p.m. on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares—First Class, 30s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

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FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books, Tourists' Programmes, and Special Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington (Addison Road), or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

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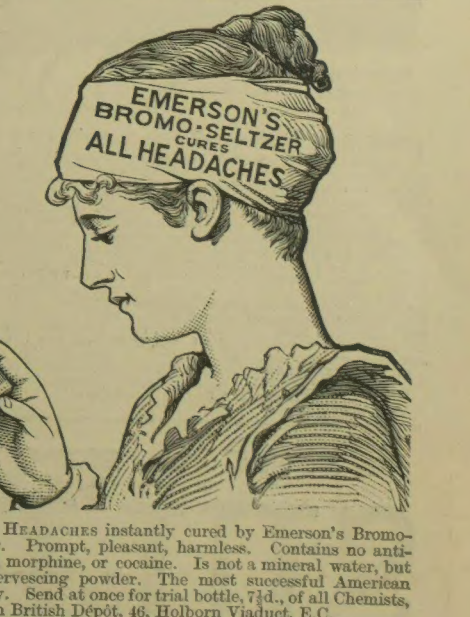
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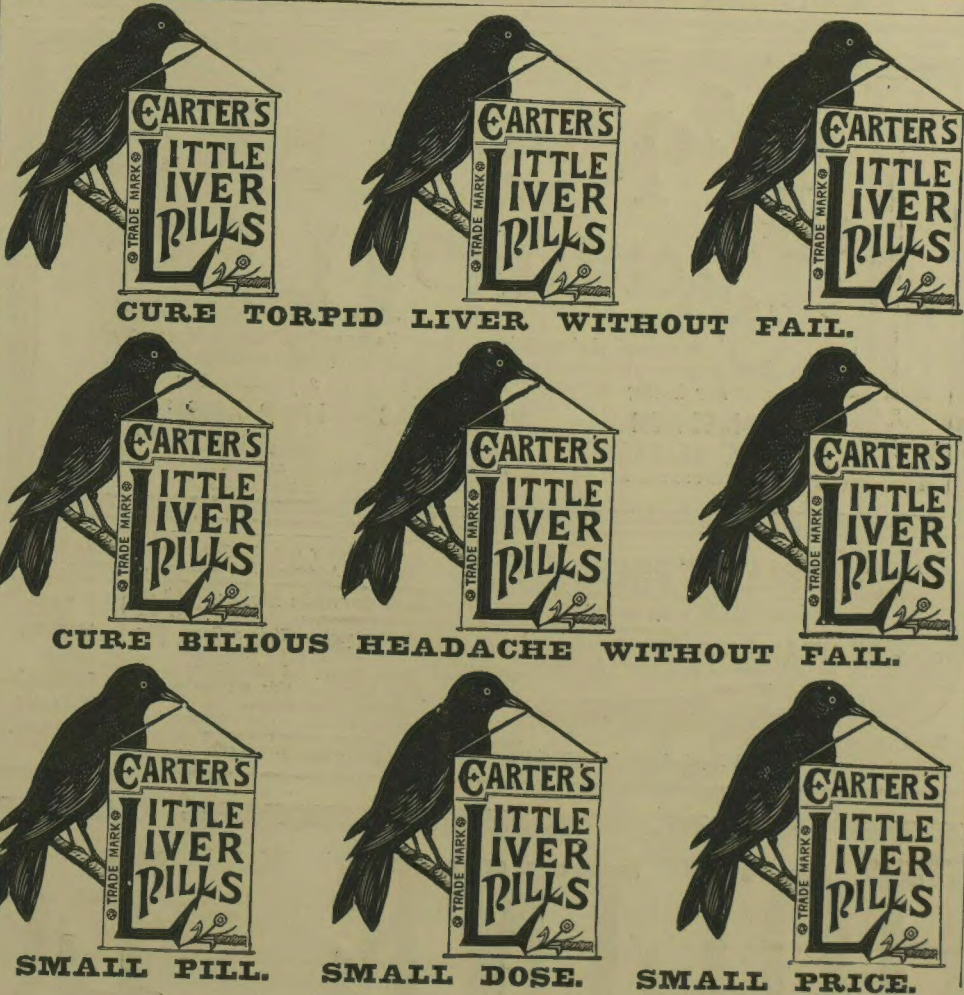
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OBITUARY.

THE REV. LORD CHARLES THYNNE.

The Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, M.A. Oxon, in holy orders in the Church of Rome, died at Ditton Park on Aug. 11, in the eighty-second year of his age. His Lordship, who was born on Feb. 9, 1813, was the seventh son of the late Sir Thomas Thynne, K.G., second Marquis of Bath in the Peerage of Great Britain, by Isabella Elizabeth, his wife, third daughter of George, fourth Viscount Torrington. He graduated M.A. in the University of Oxford, became a priest in the Church of England, was appointed Vicar of Longbridge, Deverill, Wilts, and Prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral. Lord Charles resigned these offices on joining the Roman Church in 1852. He had married on July 18, 1837, Harriet Frances, daughter of Richard Bagot, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, which lady died in 1881, having had issue two sons and a daughter, the Countess of Kenmare.

LADY FRANCES ANNE BAILLIE.

Lady Frances Anne Baillie, who was Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, died at her London residence, 71, South Audley Street, on Aug. 16, being nearly sixty-three years of age. Her Ladyship was

the sixth and youngest daughter of the late Thomas, seventh Earl of Elgin and eleventh Earl of Kincardine, both in the Peerage of Scotland; a General in the Army, and sometime British Ambassador Extraordinary in Turkey, who died on Nov. 14, 1841, having given to the nation that wonderful collection of Greek antiquities known as the Elgin Marbles. The mother of Lady Frances (the second wife of Lord Elgin) was Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. J. T. Oswald, M.P., of Dunnikeir, in Fife-shire, and she died in Paris in 1860. The deceased lady (then known as Lady Frances Bruce) was married, on Feb. 15, 1855, to Mr. Evan P. Montagu Baillie, of Dochfour, in the shire of Inverness, formerly Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart, who died on Nov. 19, 1874, leaving issue. Lady Frances Baillie was sixteenth in descent from Thomas Bruce, of Clackmannan (in the time of King Robert II.), a near relative of the kings of Scotland, and was aunt to the present Earl of Elgin and Kincardine.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Adam Gib Ellis, Knight, Chief Justice of Jamaica, on Aug. 16, at Kingston, Jamaica, aged fifty-one. He was twice married—namely, first to Sarah Barnett, daughter of Mr. Robert Harvey, of Paixton, Glasgow,

in 1871; and secondly, in 1878, to Alice Margaret, daughter of Major-General Francis Rawdon Chesney, R.E.

Dame Frances Pigott, widow of the Hon. Sir Gillyery Pigott, of Sherfield Hill, Sherfield-on-Loddon, Basingstoke, a Baron of the Exchequer (who died in 1875), and only child and heiress of Mr. Thomas Drake, of Ashday Hall, Halifax, on Aug. 9, at Brighton.

Lieutenant-General Gustavus Nigel Kingscote Anker Yonge, on Aug. 11, at Chichester, aged eighty. He was a distinguished officer of the British Army, and was placed on the retired list in 1881, after forty-seven years' service.

Major-General H. Le Poer Trench, C.M.G., who had served in the Indian Mutiny at Delhi and Lucknow, under sad circumstances, near Braemar, on Aug. 18, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Colonel George Brooke-Meares, Commandant of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, on Aug. 21, aged fifty-four. He formerly served in the 7th Royal Fusiliers, took part in the North-West Indian Frontier Campaign of 1863, and was Adjutant to the Auxiliary Force from 1879 to 1884.

M. Aubaret, an accomplished Orientalist. He had mastered Turkish, Modern Greek, Servian, Bulgarian, Russian, Chinese, and Siamese.

DEATH.

On Aug. 14, at Brunswick House, Walerand Road, Lewisham Hill, S.E., Margaret, wife of John George Geveke.

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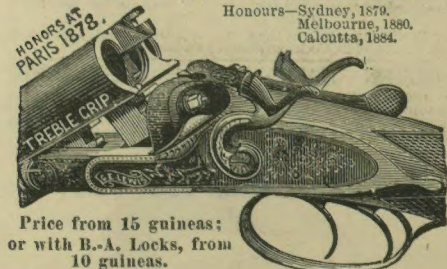
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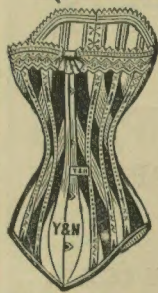
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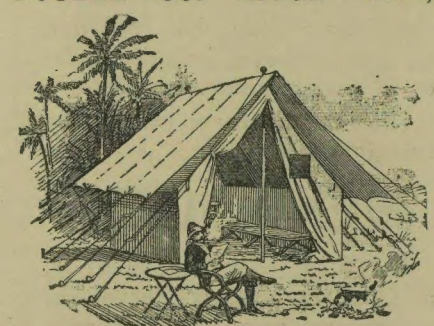
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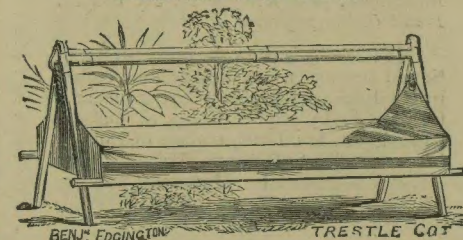
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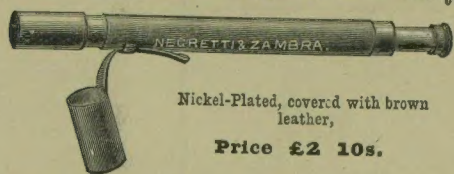
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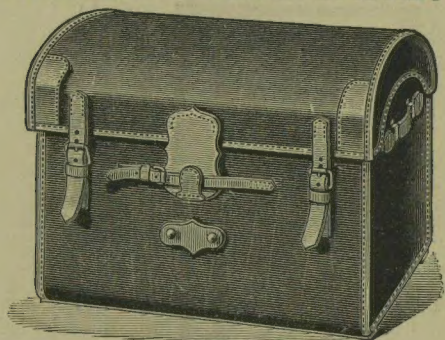
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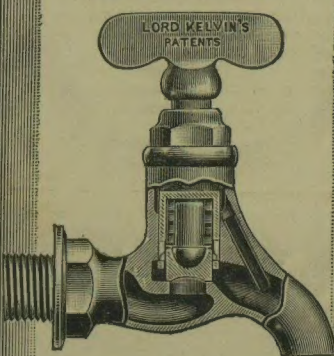
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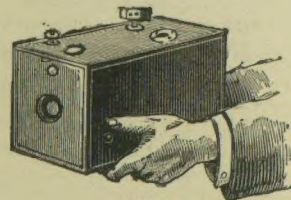
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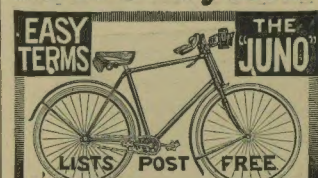
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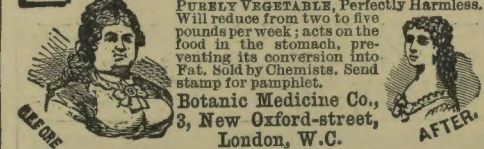
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